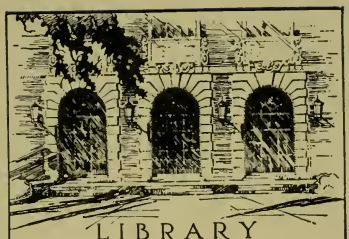

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
823
C694m
v.3

# MARQUIS AND MERCHANT.

BY

MORTIMER COLLINS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1871.

*The right of Translation is reserved.*

LONDON :
PRINTED BY MACDONALD AND TUGWELL, BLENHEIM HOUSE,
BLENHEIM STREET, OXFORD STREET.

823
C694ma
v.3

# MARQUIS AND MERCHANT.

## CHAPTER I.

### IN WHICH TWO YOUNG LADIES COME FROM SPAIN.

OLIVER WAYNFLETE was right. One morning, about three weeks after his nephew's arrival, he was found dead in his bed, with a countenance perfectly calm. In his case had been realized what Mrs. Barbauld wished for, in that apostrophe to life which Wordsworth desired to have written:

> Then steal away, give little warning,
> Choose thine own time;
> Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
> Bid me Good Morning.

I will make no attempt to describe his daughter's passionate grief. All her love was concentrated in her father: when he died, it seemed as if there were nothing left in the world. She exhausted herself, giving way without restraint to her anguish; then she sank into a strange apathy, and could hardly be persuaded to eat food or drink wine.

Big Dog became her companion and consoler. The larger and more intelligent breeds of the canine race have a curious sympathy with human trouble, especially when it affects women. The mighty Pyrenean deserted his master for Olive, and would lie for hours at her feet, and watch her with large melancholy eyes. How much do these imprisoned spirits know of the life of their owners? What are the limits of that faculty which men, in their pride of place, call by the name of instinct? We

have the gift of speech; we also have thumbs; is there aught else in which we differ from certain of the creatures we name inferior? Professor Max Müller, if I read him aright, holds that without words there can be no ideas; hence, of course, dogs can't think. What then? Are they automata? I doubt it much, and am of opinion that half an hour's conversation with Big Dog would make the illustrious philologue recant his heresy.

Lord Waynflete, having interred his uncle's body in the graveyard of the small church—choosing a green corner under a cypress, whence there was a glorious view over the romantic realm of Spain—began to prepare for departure. Olive understood that she was to go to England, and made no objection.

"Anywhere with you, Adrian," she had said, and then relapsed into her usual apathy.

Just as everything was arranged for the start, a muleteer and a string of mules having been engaged for the lady and her luggage, Jack Johnson arrived at Vauvert in great haste . . . with news written in his face. He came straight to Adrian, and made a communication which rather astonished him.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" asked Adrian.

"Because I wasn't sure where I should find them, or whether something might not have happened."

"And you say they are near Zaragoza?"

"This side of it, my lord—between that and Huesca."

"But why can't you manage the business, Johnson?" asked Lord Waynflete.

"You've seen our queen, my lord; can't you understand that we are all afraid of her? But if you take Miss Olive there, *she'll* be able to manage her."

"How is that? I don't understand at all."

"Her father lived with us; he travelled with us, and spoke our language. And her mother, my lord"—Jack lowered his voice to a whisper—"was one of us. She was of the best blood—better than ours—and the last of them all. O, there was a terrible tumult when she said she was going to marry Lord Oliver; some of them tried to kill him, but he fought like a lion, and wounded two or three with his rapier; and then she threw herself in their way, so that they could not touch him without killing her. I was a boy then, but I remember it well."

"And what was the end?"

"They were married, my lord, and Lord Oliver travelled for years with some of us, only going away for a short time now and then. And the young lady learnt all that our wise people know, as well as what her

father could teach her. And if she goes down to the tents now, her bidding will be done."

"Very well, Johnson: we'll turn our mules that way instead of the other. How far is it?" asked Lord Waynflete.

"About a hundred miles, my lord. I should like to start soon, for the people will be moving when the fair at Huesca is over."

Adrian went to explain what had occurred to his cousin, and was pleased to find that it aroused her from her apathy. She was delighted with the enterprise.

"O yes," she exclaimed: "I will do it, Adrian—I can manage that wonderful old Ursula. Do you know she is more than a hundred years old? She remembers dancing and playing the tambourine on the terrace at Windsor when George IV. was a little boy—younger than herself—and his father, a stout handsome young man in a

blue coat with gold buttons, and gaiters on his legs, asked him how he liked it, and the young prince said, 'I should like to buy that little girl—I'll give fifty guineas for her.'"

"And what did the King say?"

"O, he laughed and said, 'George, you're a young rascal.' But he threw a guinea to Ursula, and she wears it round her neck to this day. Now, tell me, when shall we start?"

"Early to-morrow morning. Everything is ready, and we can go one way as easily as the other."

Thus then it was arranged. As sunrise was flooding the great plain below, they commenced their descent. Black Jack, who knew Spain as well as he knew England, guided them the shortest way. They reached Huesca—the Osca of Sertorius—on the third day; and about noon on the fifth saw the great cathedral towers of the old Phœnician

city rising above the fertile plain through which the Ebro runs. And on the banks of the Gallego, in a lonely spot some miles above its juncture with the greater stream, they came upon the tents pitched for Ursula Johnson and her following.

The queen of the gipsies, notwithstanding her great age, was alone in her tent—all the rest of the party were away, some doing business at Huesca fair, some amusing the travellers between that town and Zaragoza. She received Olive with delight, which was changed to grief when she heard of Lord Oliver's death. He had evidently been a great favourite with the weird old lady. Adrian she instantly recognized, though she had seen him but once on Ashridge Common.

"And so, my princess," she said to Olive, "you will go back to England now, and live in a splendid house, and be a great lady, and forget the poor Romans with whom

your father and you dwelt in tents. But you are half ours; the wild blood is in your veins; you will always love the open hills and the wide sky. You must come and see me when we go back to the heath by the house of your father's brother."

"I will, Mami. I can never forget you. Wherever I dwell I shall often see the dear old tents, often smell the fragrance of the crushed grass that always made me fall asleep so soon. Don't fear, Mami. I'm half Romany, as you say; and my father loved your wandering ways. Whatever happens, I will be true to you."

"Nice young lady to take home to Ashridge," thought Adrian. "We shall have all the gipsies in England for our kith and kin. Well, I should like to have this old lady and Black Jack's great-grandfather to dinner, and get Métivier to meet them."

"Now, Mami," resumed his cousin, "I

want a parting gift. Not King George's guinea, you know—you may leave me that in your will."

"What do you want, child?" asked Ursula.

"I want you to give me that little stolen girl. I know why she was stolen: it was because her father put my friend Jack in prison. But you have Jack now; you can send the child back to her father. My cousin and I will take her. Come, Mami, say we may."

Ursula Johnson did not at once reply; she sat as if in a trance, gazing into space. The old lady was believed by her tribe to have the gift of second sight—and had often predicted the future with much success. At last she spoke.

"I give you the girl, an evil gift, princess. She is yours—she will be your sorrow."

"Where is she, Mami?"

"Coming home soon, I think—in an hour perhaps. You will have her quite early enough. Stay with me patiently awhile; I shall not see you again for a weary time, mayhap."

Therewith the old lady produced the quaint cut glasses which Adrian remembered, and made them drink the famous heather wine. They were a silent group; Adrian and Black Jack smoked outside the tent, by the marge of the slow shining stream, while Olive sat meditative, and the aged woman watched her without words.

Suddenly Olive, according to her wild wont, burst into song.

Mighty of old was the City: a great King ruled therein,
A monarch of wide wild conquest, a monarch of cruel sin:
Close by the gate of the Palace a magical Fountain rose,
And all who drank its waters forgot for awhile their woes.

But the King said: "Far more precious than rarest draughts of wine
Is the stream that rises ever from this free fount of mine:
Yet the country lasses drink it, and churls of common clay.
Up with a gateway of granite and drive the mob away!"

So the magical Fountain struggled within its prison of stone,
Like the mighty heart of a Poet by scornful men unknown.
In the city the people murmured, ever below their breath—
For the frown of the King was a scourge, and the word of the King was death.

There came a great betrothal; a Princess was to wed
A Prince of another nation; and lo the old King said . . .
"Rarer is magical water than wine of high account.
Fetch thou a stoup, my daughter, of the lymph of the Magic Fount!"

Tripped the beautiful Princess down the stairs of stone,
Bearing a golden pitcher, blushing and dreaming, alone:
Softly she raised the cover: the water arose in its might,
And she fell in its cold embraces upon her bridal night.

Angrily rose the flood with a mighty murmuring sound,
The King with his guests of honour, the City and people, were drowned:
And the Magic Mere abideth until the Judgment Day . . .
Unless some knightly diver shall bring the pitcher away.

"Why, the child has an inexhaustible treasury of ballad and legend," thought Lord Waynflete as he listened. "Which things are an allegory. The water of that fountain means the knowledge which brings freedom, and which tyrants seek to hide—till some day it breaks out, and destroys both

them and their subjects. Olive shall sing this ballad to Métivier. Won't he delight therein ?"

For the Hermit, as we know, loved those wild and vagrant blossoms of ballad poetry which spring up amid oppressed and nomad races, and which are wedded to minor melodies. So Lord Waynflete anticipated extreme pleasure on his part when Olive should open her wallet of song.

By-and-by there was heard the sound of approaching voices, with snatches of song and laughter, and clash of tambourines and triangles; and Ursula said,

"She is coming."

It was a motley troop. A gipsy youth of about eighteen, dressed in a black velveteen suit, with knee-breeches and white stockings —a couple of girls about the same age, in dresses of mixed bright colour, scarce reaching to the knee, so that their handsome legs

might astonish the young Iberians—and two younger children, both girls, on stilts, with which they walked as if they had been born with them. The boy had a flageolet—on which, when he saw strangers by the tents, he began to play a wild tune. Thereto his four companions improvised a clangorous chorus, with cymbals, triangle, and tambourine. Lord Waynflete, taken by surprise, turned to Black Jack, and said—

"Why, Johnson, is either of those Miss Mowbray?"

"The pretty little girl on stilts with a tambourine, my lord."

Adrian was amused. The notion of the great millionaire's only daughter on stilts with a tambourine—and quite at home in that position—was rather rich. What would Mowbray say if he could see her?

Ethel Evelyn was lifted from her stilts by tall Jack Johnson, who set the little girl

upon the grass at Adrian's feet. She had always looked somewhat gipsy-like; now, with heavy gold earrings, and a grotesque dress of radiant colour, it was hard to believe that her father was a sober Manchester merchant.

"Do you recollect me?" asked Lord Waynflete.

Now, I don't know how precisely to explain the feelings of Ethel Evelyn Mowbray. Taken away in her sleep from her little room—hurried in wild flight by unfrequented roads to a small fishing-port—there put on board a smack bound for Barcelona—the child was quite bewildered by the rapid succession of events. Ursula Johnson treated her kindly; and among the gipsies she found young comrades, who taught her all their tricks, and afforded her ample entertainment. So in time her whole life began to appear like a dream; and there was nothing

real but the tents and the mules and the wide plains and great rivers and strange cities of Spain; and she dropped all her English, and chattered a queer mixture of Spanish and Romany.

But when she saw Lord Waynflete, her memory of the past grew gradually clearer. She looked at him for a few minutes; he repeated his question; then she began to cry, and exclaimed—

"O yes, I remember, I remember. Take me back to dear papa and Miss Gray."

"You shall go back with me, my child," said Adrian. "Come, Olive, take charge of your little friend."

That evening Adrian and his party slept at Zaragoza. Black Jack and Antonio remained with Ursula Johnson.

On the following day, before he made arrangements for starting, Lord Waynflete sat down to write letters to England. Abomin-

able thin paper they gave him at the hotel —ink in which so many flies of various kinds had committed suicide, that it would have been quite a study for an entomologist— and rusty old steel pens with broken points, which ploughed up the paper at every stroke. With such materials he was painfully struggling to do his work, when his Cousin Olive entered. He laughingly told her of his difficulties.

"Why write?" she asked. "Shall we not be in England as soon almost as a letter? Will it not be pleasant to surprise everyone by bringing home this child unexpectedly? I would not write."

The counsel commended itself to Lord Waynflete. The world has many centres: so have its segments. Rome is the religious centre of Europe; Paris, the voluptuous; London, the practical. Madrid is its lazy centre; and the nearer you get to that

charmed city, the more indolent you feel. Zaragoza is only one hundred and seventy-six miles from Madrid—no wonder the magnetism affected Adrian.

"I will not write," he said.

So he tore his half-finished letter with great satisfaction, and proceeded to make his arrangements for a start.

I need not follow the travellers on their route, by rail and steamer, to England. It was a journey to be remembered by all three of them—ay, even by Mowbray's little daughter. That child, at the very first, took a great fancy to Olive, and on her way home appeared to get passionately attached to her. But there was another circumstance which for some time Lord Waynflete did not perceive—this was, that his cousin gradually manifested an increasing attachment for him. Not being a vain man, he had not the pleasant belief of the young swells and

stockbrokers of the day—that no woman can help falling in love with their sham gentility and loud jewelry. Moreover, he had in his lifetime looked on one woman only with desiring eyes—and that was Amy Gray. He could admire the winning ways of womanhood—could enjoy female society to the utmost—because he was a man whom none could touch save the one destined for him. He was heart-free till the day he met Amy in the railway carriage—he was heart-fettered now. The change made no difference whatsoever in his way of regarding women, or in his conduct toward them.

Young fellows, most of them, are not of this type—well for them if they were. They enter life, for the most part, in one of two moods—the contemptuous or the adoring. Which mood, of course, depends on their education. Some train themselves on the amorous poets, such as Tennyson and

Swinburne, and cannot look on a lady without imagining themselves sensuously influencing her and influenced by her. Others feed upon Thackeray and Paul de Kock, and profess to believe that every woman is a bundle of simulations and dissimulations. That both are fools is clear; and unluckily their folly is injurious to others as well as to themselves. Women are very much what men make them: the quasi-amorous men and the quasi-cynical men do immense injury to female character. Happily there are a great many women who are above and beyond such injury.

Now a man who, like Adrian, enters female society without prejudice, prepared to enjoy it, is sure to obtain the enjoyment for which he is prepared. Adrian owed his capacity for such enjoyment to his stepmother, the Marchioness: she, as I have said, had taken him in hand at an early

date, and had taught him the delight of woman's society. The *play*, so to speak, of a graceful and intelligent woman, is the most charming thing in the world. She is the consummate flower of creation. The light of her eyes, the movement of her lips, the tones of her voice, are all worth watching; her easy chat has no wisdom in it, mayhap, nor any wit, yet is as fresh as dew and as fragrant as May-bloom; she brings to a manly and poetic mind the same pleasure—in a higher degree—as that produced by a summer landscape, with emerald grass and translucent water and birds in full song amid the airy branches of the trees. There was a lady of whom it was said—"To love her is a liberal education." To love women—as one loves nature or art or science—is the basis of the highest education. The hot amorist on the one hand, the cool cynic on the other, cannot know this. It is reserved

for men in whom a strong sense of beauty is united with perfect intellectual sanity. This combination is rare.

Adrain possessed it. He felt the mystery of life, yet enjoyed its beauty. He was not one of those who

> . . . look before and after
> And pine for what is not.

What do we gain by looking back toward the unfathomable past, or forward to the unimaginable future? Countless generations of men have vainly endeavoured to penetrate the darkness which rounds our little life. The true wisdom is to use that wondrous possession, *life*, without making foolish inquiries. *Laborare est orare* is the essence of religion: *uti est scire* is the essence of philosophy.

Lord Waynflete, and Olive Waynflete, and little Ethel Evelyn Mowbray, and Big Dog, landed on the coast of England after a

rather unpleasant voyage in a slow steamer. The town at which they arrived was an ancient one, with fine docks, rare old inns, a romantic silvan neighbourhood. To one of these inns they were compelled to come, for the girls and the dog had been confoundedly sea-sick: and Lord Waynflete selected the "Woolpack," having stayed there once when he had to see the last of an old friend.

A quaint hostel, the "Woolpack," whose age nobody could ascertain. Many mail-coaches had driven in and out of that mighty doorway—but that was mere modern business. Folk had come thither who had travelled in waggons, each drawn by six stalwart horses, proudly ringing their bells as they came along the moonlit roads—but that too was comparatively modern. Earlier travellers, such as Jack Falstaff robbed, had been guests at the "Woolpack:" ay, and pilgrims such as those whom Chaucer saw

starting from the "Tabard" at Southwark. Yet the ancient inn, with all its immemorial traditions and old-fashioned ways, suited itself extremely well to the requirements of this present age. The walls were thick, the rooms snug and warm, the fireplaces large and deep, the windows comfortably curtained. There was a landlord who knew good wine from bad, a landlady who understood the meaning of comfort, a cook who could roast a joint or a bird to the moment. In deep vaults below were stores of excellent wine —specially of antique port, in the supply whereof to his customers the worthy host cheated himself terribly. Untaught in his youth to calculate the interest of money, he would charge five shillings for a bottle of port that had cost himself five shillings twenty years before. I have just taken down a table of logarithms, and I find that at five per cent. five shillings will become in twenty

years rather more than thirteen shillings and threepence. But the landlord of the "Woolpack" knew absolutely nothing of logarithms.

At the "Woolpack" our party were soon made comfortable. Olive and Ethel, thoroughly knocked up by their long tiresome voyage, were glad to go to bed—or at any rate to a bedroom—though it was only noon; and the hospitable landlady conducted them to a large double-bedded chamber. You know the style of four-post bedsteads to be found in those old-fashioned inns—piled up with mighty swelling feather beds, and furnished with linen that smells strongly of lavender. They seem the natural homes of sleep. Two such beds were in the large airy room assigned to the young ladies—a room otherwise fully furnished with couches and easy-chairs, and pervaded by a general idea of cosiness. Right glad were they to reach this snuggery: Big Dog, who was

equally in need of rest, had followed them, and the good landlady had not the heart to prevent this infraction of her rules. So he stretched himself on a rug, and was asleep in two minutes: and the young ladies, after a hasty meal of cutlets and Champagne—Lord Waynflete's prescription—rapidly disrobed themselves and followed his example. Let us leave them with their weary heads softly pillowed, and see what Adrian is doing.

He also had some cutlets and Champagne. Then he lit a cigar, and strolled into the quaint old town. Its high street passes under an archway not unlike Temple Bar, but of greater antiquity; and when you have walked half a mile or so, it ends abruptly in open woodland, no sordid suburb intervening. Business has attracted to the vicinity of the docks the bulk of the very poor townsmen—hence the inland side of

the town is unusually pleasant. Adrian, meditating on many matters, smoked his cigar away into the woodland. It was a habit of his, when thinking, to walk fast. So unconsciously he smoked weed after weed, and walked mile after mile, till it suddenly occurred to him that he was hot and thirsty. As if his wish for rest and refreshment had been potent as a wizard's charm, he beheld in front of him a quiet wayside inn, with an inviting seat under a mighty elm. He sat down on the bench—and quickly a buxom waitress from the inn came tripping towards him, and dropt an old-fashioned curtsey, and awaited his commands. A short colloquy elicited the fact that the landlord of the little tavern was proud of his perry; so a bottle thereof was brought, which Adrian thought decidedly preferable to the Champagne he had drunk an hour or two before at the "Woolpack."

Yet the wine cost half a sovereign, and the perry a shilling.

Through an avenue of the wood Lord Waynflete saw handsome iron gates set in a lofty wall, and asked the handmaiden what it was. It turned out to be the public cemetery of the neighbouring town. Even as he spoke, there emerged from the gateway a group of black figures, who had been concerned in the celebration of a funeral, and who hurried across the grass towards the tavern as if eager to wash the dust of mortality out of their throats. At intervals followed others, more soberly; but Adrian observed that they all moved in the same direction. The buxom waitress ran off to her business, apologetically remarking that "gents was generally thirsty after a burying."

Adrian, leaning against the gnarled bole of an elm, watched with some interest the cluster of men who were quenching their

thirst under another tree half a dozen yards from him. He thought he could discern the chief mourner and heir by a kind of jolly twinkle in his eye which belied the deeply melancholly expression of his other features. The undertaker, unctuous and deferential, was easily made out. Adrian was attempting to satisfy himself as to the other members of the group, when a familiar voice saluted him with—

"Why, Waynflete! Who would have thought of meeting you here? How glad I am to see you!"

It was Métivier, dressed in the sable uniform of woe, and evidently fresh from a funeral. Adrian was heartily glad to see his friend.

"What are you drinking?" asked Métivier. "I will join you. I am athirst. The dreary requiem—'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust'—seems to be provocative of thirst, for

black-coated men have been drinking under these tavern trees ever since I came here first."

"This is perry," said Adrian. "I have known Champagne inferior to it."

The waitress had brought a fresh supply. The Hermit took a delicious draught.

"Yes," he said, "Epernay has much worse wine in its cellars. Your Englishmen of the orchard are very foolish: call this Château Quelquechose, and sell it at eighty shillings a dozen, and the owner of a few acres of pear-trees will soon be as rich as the Marquis de Lur Saluces."

"But what brings you here," asked Adrian, "and in this funereal garb?"

"A cousin of mine, an ancient lady, for many years the widow of an English general, has just died in this town. She was an annuitant; the furniture of her house she has left to an humble companion—and to

me a little plate and china which she valued. I am executor. The business is not troublesome, thank heaven, since the property is so small. I hope to go home to-morrow."

"And I also," said Adrian. "We will go together. I have had curious adventures since I last saw you."

"You have been abroad?"

"Yes, and have returned with two young ladies."

"Two!"

"I thought you would be surprised," said Adrian, laughing. "Let me explain. The first is my cousin—daughter of my uncle. He died in Spain, and I am bringing her home to Ashridge."

"A cousin—a dangerous convoy. Is she of marriageable age?"

"That's matter of opinion," quoth Adrian. "Eighteen is her age, or thereabout."

"The very thing."

"She's a wonderful child, Métivier. Her mother was a gipsy, and she has led a regular gipsy life. You should hear her sing wild ballads: you should see her dance a strange fantastic dance with a long scarf, and two swords crossed beneath her feet. She will be an ethnological problem for you."

"Ah, because I am an old fogy, I am to regard your charming Spanish cousin as an ethnological problem. We shall see. And now, who is your second lady?"

"Ah," said Adrian, "that will surprise you. Imagine that I have found Mowbray's little girl among the gipsies!"

"No!"

"I have indeed. That old witch we saw on the Common, Ursula Johnson, caused her to be stolen because Black Jack was imprisoned. But Black Jack himself has no revenge in his nature: he is a good fellow, as I know from more circumstances than

one; he took me to where the child was, and I have brought her home with me."

"Does Mowbray know?"

"He does not. I decided not to write, as I should reach England almost as soon as a letter."

"He will be surprised. He will not be grateful. He will hate you more than ever, after your having conferred so great a benefit on him."

"You think so?" said Adrian.

"I fear so. I hope I am wrong. We shall see."

"Well, will you dine with me at the 'Woolpack'? The two young gipsies are in bed, having suffered from the *mal du mer*. Big Dog was knocked up, too."

"Poor old fellow! Yes, I will dine with you."

"Just imagine this," said Lord Waynflete: "when first I saw Mowbray's daughter she

was walking on stilts and strumming a tambourine. What would Manchester say to that?"

## CHAPTER II.

### THE DRAMA OF SMALL THINGS.

MISS PINNOCK had of course studied casuistry—had she not studied everything within the reach of the female intellect? Hence might it be supposed that she would have no difficulty in deciding what to do in reference to the letter which arrived for Amy Gray. Yet, as it happened, she took some time in coming to a decision. Her natural impulse would have been to send on the letter at once; but Terrell's sophistry had influenced her, and she felt much inclined to oblige Mowbray, and she persuaded herself that she ought to rescue

Amy from the mysterious danger which impended. The arrival of a letter from abroad immediately after her interview with Terrell of course appeared to prove the correctness of his statements. What should she do with that letter? That was the question.

Miss Pinnock sat in her private room, with the important document in her hand, pondering. She examined the numerous postmarks on the envelope, as if such scrutiny would enable her to guess its contents. She looked again and again at the seal, and wondered whose crest it was, and puzzled herself over the motto. Alas, there was a limit to the quasi-omniscience which was Miss Pinnock's foible: she knew nothing of heraldry, and had never read Horace. After long hesitation and deliberation, she opened the letter; and, having read it, she made up her mind that its contents were very

dreadful. They were not, in my judgment —but Angelina Pinnock, you see, had a very high standard of propriety. She read the letter more than once; she mused over it for a considerable time; then she took writing materials, and indited that epistle of rebuke whose perusal made our little friend at Wyvern Grange so very angry.

Angelina Pinnock did not like this letter of Lord Waynflete's—though little Amy, if it had reached her, would have liked it very much indeed. First, its writer was a lord, and Miss Pinnock, as we know, was an enlightened Liberal. She could not believe it possible that the heir to a marquisate had honourable intentions towards a poor orphan governess. She had formed a fine theory of aristocratic malignity; and, when she read in her morning paper of one young nobleman ruined on the turf—of another running away with his neighbour's wife—

she set it all down to the wickedness inseparable from the peerage. So, when she found that Amy's correspondent was a lord, her prejudiced eyes found meanings in the letter which nobody else would have discovered there.

I must observe however that Adrian said much about love, and nothing at all about marriage. This was suspicious, certainly. He began with something about a gipsy, who appeared to be his and Amy's "mutual friend." Miss Pinnock sternly disapproved all gipsies. Moreover, though I am loth to make such an averment in reference to a lady of her intelligence and dignity, I fear—I sadly fear—that she was rather jealous. Nobody had ever written her such a letter as this to Miss Gray—and it was scarcely to be expected that anybody ever would. There was a tone in it which annoyed her. Annoyance, you see, is of

the mind itself—if your temper is unhinged, you shall find discord in the murmur of streams and the song of birds. Lord Waynflete's words to Amy were full of a blithe spirit, born of confident love; there was a gleam of delight upon the page, like the golden glamour of sunset through the vistas of a wood. Miss Pinnock did not like the letter at all.

"My dear Miss Gray,"—thus it began—"I have a capital excuse for writing to you. Here, in the wildest part of the Pyrenees, I have met an acquaintance of mine who has lately been so happy as to do you a service—Black Jack, the gipsy."

"Nice *acquaintance* for a young noble," soliloquises Miss Pinnock. "I wonder he doesn't call him his friend."

"He is very proud of his prowess, I assure you, and looks forward with much excitement to the present you mean to give him.

He will soon be back in England—and so shall I—and then we can make him an appropriate reward."

"Well," thought Miss Pinnock, "he seems pretty sure of her. We shall see about that, my lord."

"Do you remember, my dear Miss Gray," —pursued the letter—"our short meetings at Ashridge, when you and little Miss Mowbray came one way, and I and my big wolfhound the other. What charming moments! I never said anything, did I, except about the weather? O yes, I told you about some ferns on the Common—and where you would be sure to hear nightingales. But the neighbours talked—and Miss Avery gave us warning—and so we didn't meet so often. Did you care? I did."

"What nonsense the man writes!" soliloquised Angelina. "And he's an hereditary legislator!"

"All day, and often half the night, I used to think of our meetings. It was so pleasant to see the light in your eyes, and to hold your little hand for a few seconds. What a tiny hand it is! When shall I touch it again? Soon, very soon, I hope."

"Will you, my lord?" sneers Miss Pinnock.

"Although I never said a word about it, my dear Miss Gray, I think you saw what were my feelings towards you. I am daring enough to believe that your eyes gave answer to mine, and that you will say yes to a question I mean to ask you. Am I too daring? Can you love me, Amy? If you say *Yes* in a whisper to yourself when you have read as far as this—I shall know it by magic, miles away here in Spain."

"I never read such nonsense in my life," thought Angelina.

"You *will* say yes, I know. But I can-

not ask you to write to me, for I am coming home very soon. Then I shall make my way straight to the Orphan Institution, and find out where you are, and ask my question over again. And you will answer as I hope—and you will consent to give up teaching little girls—and take me as your pupil. You see I am very confident, Amy: but your dear eyes have spoken—and they always tell the truth, I know."

Such were some of the passages in Lord Waynflete's letter. Miss Pinnock, an excellent judge of English composition, thought it very foolish and flippant; and, after several readings, decided that she had done quite right in withholding it from Miss Gray. Lord Waynflete, she decided, was a rake—a roaring aristocratic lion, ready to devour orphan governesses—and it was most fortunate that Mr. Terrell's warning had reached her in time. She locked Adrian's letter in her

desk, and sent her own to the post. We have seen how Amy received it.

Miss Gray indeed, though under ordinary circumstances a quiet young lady, had a brave spirit of her own, which strongly rebelled against injustice. Great reverence had she for Angelina Pinnock, as may well be supposed; but she had seen a little of the world since she emerged from the orphanage, and had learnt that her formidable preceptress was not quite the most important personage in it; and she was perfectly conscious that she had done nothing to deserve her reprimand. So, after considerable reflexion, she decided not to reply to the letter, and if possible to dismiss it from her mind. I think her indignation did her good; she returned to casuistry and chess with greater spirit, and actually surprised Miss Griffin by a new move in the Muzio.

Miss Pinnock fully anticipated a humble reply from Amy; she expected her to go down on her knees, as it were, and apologize, and promise to be a good girl in future. Amy didn't. When two or three posts had passed, and no letter arrived, Miss Pinnock was thoroughly amazed. She had never before had a mutinous pupil. Amy Gray, the most teachable and obedient of girls, seemed less likely than anybody to show a rebel spirit. What could it mean? Angelina seldom confessed herself puzzled; but on this occasion she certainly was.

When Terrell reported to Mowbray the result of his interview with Miss Pinnock, he suggested the advisability of cultivating her acquaintance, so as to secure her influence over Miss Gray. The merchant assenting, worthy old Priscilla Cust was instructed to call upon her, and of course obeyed instructions. Miss Pinnock

was most gracious; impressed the old lady by her dignified and distinguished manners and her unlimited fund of information; and began to think she should soon have an opportunity of producing a similar impression on Mowbray himself. In her own opinion, she would be a perfect wife for an opulent merchant; and she determined that she would cultivate the acquaintance, and give Mr. Mowbray every encouragement, and become Mrs. Mowbray if possible. What a grand career! She saw, with her mind's eye, herself at the head of a princely establishment. She saw Mowbray in the Cabinet —Prime Minister, perhaps—for everybody admitted his great talent. Then what homage she would receive on all hands—how brilliant should be her entertainments—how astute her political diplomacy! What a delight to have some influence in the appointment of bishops! They should be staunch

Liberals and sound Low Churchmen, every one! None of your dallying with transubstantiation or Colensoism, for her. Thus she built up enjoyable visions, with an imagination as active as Alnaschar's. Will they be realized? Who knows? Miss Pinnock is a woman apt to succeed in what she undertakes.

When Terrell called again at the Institution he was of course made welcome. He quite understood Miss Pinnock, and knew how to make himself agreeable to her. She loved to be appreciated. Terrell, the sly dog, contrived to show a sort of deferential admiration, which flattered her immensely. He acquiesced in her opinions as if they were oracular, only arguing a little now and then in order to give way to her superior wisdom. These tactics were successful.

Miss Pinnock had news to communicate. A letter had arrived for Miss Gray; it was

from a young nobleman now in Spain—she would not say more; it was of such a nature that she had decided not to forward it.

"I am glad you came to that decision," said the Bohemian barrister. "Miss Gray is very fortunate in having a lady like yourself to guard her from danger."

"I hesitated for a considerable time," replied Miss Pinnock. "Indeed, but for being fortified by your decided opinion, I do not think I should have interfered. It is always an ungrateful task to undertake. I hope on this occasion I may not have reason to regret my decision."

"You have done rightly, I feel sure," said Terrell. "When a young lady so inexperienced as Miss Gray enters the world, she requires authoritative guidance. She will be very grateful to you, hereafter, I am certain."

I should not like to echo this certainty:

would Amy Gray, I wonder? Will anybody work out the great problem, whether it is better, when people are going obviously wrong, to advise them, or to let them alone? It is a complicated question. You offer advice, let us say; you cordially believe it to be good advice—but suppose it should be bad advice? Again, suppose it to be advice of the very first quality—what if the person advised be obstinate, recalcitrant, rather Welsh than otherwise? How will an adviser of tender conscience feel, when he knows that his counsel has made the person who received it go in exactly the opposite direction? Folk there certainly are who resemble pigs in their determination to go the contrary way to that which they are wanted to go. What use is the best advice, superfine quality, warranted to contain the essence of wisdom, when administered to people who will only go forward because somebody drags them backwards?

There were several interviews between Terrell and Miss Pinnock, and several times did that lady receive calls from Miss Cust; and in process of time she made the acquaintance of that busy millionaire, Edward Mowbray himself. This was by Terrell's instigation. After seeing a good deal of Miss Pinnock, he felt an odd kind of interest in her, and wanted to see how she would affect Mowbray. Strange to say, the same notion which had entered her mind had entered Terrell's—he thought she might not make at all a bad sort of Mrs. Mowbray. He would not have liked to marry her himself; but then, you see, Terrell was not a marrying man.

"Descend from heaven, Urania!" would be the proper invocation to the Muse when attempting to describe the first meeting of the erudite and elegant Angelina Pinnock with the Honourable Member for Roth-

castle. It was a great day for Miss Pinnock. It amplified her experience, and extended her ambition. She had never seen anything like the limitless luxury of Mr. Mowbray's London establishment. Everything at Prince's Gate was done in a style of solid grandeur; and, when Miss Pinnock saw the splendid results of wealth, she began to wish that she was not the mere mistress of an orphan school. For that institution she had done great things—how much greater things could she do as Edward Mowbray's wife! Such were her reflexions as she sat in the drawing-room after a dinner at Mowbray's —her companions being quiet old Miss Cust, in a shimmer of grey silk, a Manchester matron magnificent in purple, and that Manchester matron's eldest daughter, dressed in white, with perfect pearls around her neck, and fragrant white flowers in her hair. An angular young person, however, with

acid tendencies, in no wise suited to stalwart Edward Mowbray. Miss Pinnock, who had a somewhat stately presence, as we know, and whose scholastic career had not extinguished the life in her, was draped in some silken substance of an indefinable colour, and was much pleasanter to look upon than the Manchester belle. And she had ten times the amount of brains.

Edward Mowbray was rather attracted by the schoolmistress. He had never met a woman with such a vast amount of information. She seemed to know everything. When the ladies had retired, he was left alone with Terrell, who assiduously applied himself to the claret, and attempted no conversation. So Mowbray could meditate; and he found himself meditating on the sort of wife Miss Pinnock would make. At intervals, however, his fancy flew off to Amy Gray—that child, it would seem, had be-



LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

witched him. What was there, he asked himself, wherein Miss Pinnock was not Miss Gray's superior? She was wiser, taller, *omne quod exit in er.* She was, in fact, as Mr. Disraeli once said of Mr. Horsman, a superior person. No one could say that Amy Gray was a superior person. And yet the figure of that little lady floated before Mowbray's mind's eye; and he remembered her innocent smile, and how gaily she was wont to trip along the garden walk, leading by the hand his lost daughter. It is a fact that, when they went to the drawing-room, and tea was served, and the Manchester belle began something loud on the big Broadwood, and Miss Pinnock talked in her most lucid style on the most difficult political question of the day, that the Member for Rothcastle had all the while a vision of the little governess, as he caught her that day in the back room, with a volume of *Guy Man-*

*nering* in her hand. Foolish little girl! Why hadn't she said yes to his question, and saved him so much trouble and annoyance? Why did she want to throw herself away on that scapegrace Lord Waynflete?

Thus thought Mowbray; and so evident was his absence of mind that Miss Pinnock abruptly terminated her edifying disquisition on the policy of the Government in reference to—I really forget what. As the soft stream of eloquence came suddenly to an end, Mowbray as suddenly awoke from his reverie, and said something very courteous but rather irrelevant to Miss Pinnock. She of course perceived the irrelevancy; but, regarding Amy as an insignificant chit, of whom nobody would think anything after seeing her brilliant instructress, she attributed his pre-occupation to affairs of politics or business, and so forgave him. And he, recollecting his duty to his guests, threw

off his meditative mood, and became extremely agreeable. Angelina Pinnock, as she drove home that evening, flattered herself that she had made an impression.

Had she? Well, was it possible for any body to meet Miss Pinnock and not be impressed? Mowbray certainly thought her a very remarkable person—but he thought more of somebody else. And, when the ladies were gone, and he and Terrell had their customary final chat—the Bohemian drinking some iced brandy and seltzer to wash away the vile flavour of tea and coffee, beverages fit only for old women—Mowbray said,

"I shall go into Berkshire to-morrow. You can come with me, I suppose?"

Terrell, exhibiting no inquisitiveness, made an affirmative reply. There was silence for some minutes, and the Bohemian cooled his throat with his favourite liquid. Then he

said—"Miss Pinnock's a very superior person."

"Very," said Mowbray, laconically.

"You seemed to enjoy her conversation," persisted Terrell.

"Did I? Well, I did not hear much of it. It was awfully wise, I believe. She would be a capital wife for a Member of Parliament who wanted a private secretary without salary."

"Mrs. Fawcett would say she ought to be in Parliament herself."

"So she ought, no doubt. But do you know, Terrell, the more wisely that admirable lady talked, the more I thought of that shy little pupil of hers, who never talked wisely at all that I remember? She scarcely talked at all to me, but I used to hear her chatting pleasantly to poor little Ethel. Poor child! I wonder what can have become of her."

"She will be found by-and-by, I feel certain," said Terrell.

"I don't know. I sometimes think that I ought to neglect all other duties, and devote myself to searching for her. Yet, what could I do more than has been done? We have employed detectives, offered large rewards, done everything, so far as I can see. Don't you think so?"

"I do indeed. There is nothing else within our power. We must wait."

"Yes," replied Mowbray, "I suppose we must. I hope you are right in your belief. Now, as to to-morrow. I mean to go down and see Miss Gray, and once more ask her to be my wife. Is it any use, do you think?"

"Faint heart never won fair lady," quoth Terrell.

"I feel that I am making a fool of myself," proceeded Mowbray, "but there is an indescribable magnetism about that child.

I cannot understand her having fascinated me."

"You have never read Shakespeare, have you?" said Terrell.

"Never. I tried, but found it tiresome."

"Exactly. But there are times in a man's life, such as this present moment with yourself, when Shakespeare has his uses. He is the 'ready reckoner' of matters amorous. He would teach you, probably, why this young lady so strongly and strangely attracts you."

"Would he teach me how to attract *her?*" asked Mowbray. "In that case, I should believe in your famous poet. But this is mere nonsense. Will you meet me at Paddington, in time for the ten train to-morrow?"

Terrell promised, and lit a big cigar, and strolled out into the moonlight. It was so charming a night that he thought he would

prolong his stroll, pending a hansom. The way is long from Prince's Gate to the Temple; but when you are in meditative humour, and your cigar is good, it is astonishing how your evening stroll is shortened. Terrell had dined well, and had been intensely amused by the drama of small things which had been exhibited for his benefit. As he slowly sauntered towards his chambers in King's Bench Walk, he soliloquised pleasantly.

"Mowbray is an excellent fellow," he thought, "but he doesn't understand women. Still, this will I say for him—he is not disposed to fall into the snares of those hideous Manchester women who surround him. Ye gods! what eyes that girl with the pearls made at him! . . . and *such* a girl! I wonder, now, is it race or climate or food that makes Manchester prolific of women angular in youth and obese in middle age?

You will see more pretty girls in a day in Bath—or in an hour in Plymouth—than in a month in Manchester. It's very odd."

This oddity occupied him till he got as far as Hatchett's Hotel in Piccadilly, where he naturally turned in, had some brandy and seltzer and another cigar, and pursued his way homewards. Let me pursue his soliloquy.

"That Miss Pinnock is a very remarkable person—very remarkable indeed. I am glad she was not my preceptress in my early youth—her discipline is sharp, I suspect. Faith, she'd like to be Mrs. Mowbray—and I'm not at all sure she wouldn't do credit to the firm. Anybody can see she has a fine ambition. She would take Mowbray out of my hands entirely, I fear—and make him either a man of fashion or a Cabinet Minister. Which?"

By this time our friend the Bohemian

barrister had reached Leicester Square. It was not quite midnight. He felt strongly disposed toward supper. He paid his shilling at the hideous portal of the Alhambra, made his way through a cacodorous crowd to the supper-room, and ordered some grilled oysters. The oyster is excellent good when roasted in his shell upon the gridiron. Terrell, never scientifically eupeptic, went in for a couple of dozen, not unaccompanied by stout. As the political chanson hath it:

> You may talk about measures of every sort;
> The best measure of all is the pewter quart.

As he sat at his table, quietly supping and ruminating, he became aware of a somewhat stout personage, also at supper, but not in solitude; he was in the company of a couple of young ladies of the unintelligent showy voluptuous class, whose society has an inexplicable charm for certain minds. Ter-

rell happened to know this personage, and amusedly watched him amid his felicity—speculating, as was his wont, on the various ways whereby happiness is attainable.

By-and-by this party broke up; and the two charming young ladies reluctantly left their entertainer. He had got into that obstinate state which is the peculiarity of men of certain temperaments when they reach a culminating point of ebriety: and he made himself so extremely "nasty" to his female companions that they were glad to emerge into Leicester Square and to prowl westward.

Terrell was in the mood of a spectator this evening.

Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,

was his motto for the night. He had been greatly amused with Mowbray and the ladies who surrounded him; he was similarly amused with the comedietta on which he

had unexpectedly fallen in the Alhambra supper-room. The hero of that little *spectacle* was David Lipsett the detective. It is curious that men who are professionally employed in watching the follies of humanity always perpetrate those follies to the utmost when they take a holiday.

The detective's companions having left him, he settled down to the solitary enjoyment of some whiskey and water—hot and strong. But his solitude was destined to invasion. Terrell, having finished his refection, walked across the room and sat down opposite Lipsett at his table. That stout and florid worthy was rather surprised to see the Bohemian barrister.

"So, Mr. Lipsett," said Terrell, "this is where you spend your evenings. Well, it is a snug corner. How are you? Have you heard any news of Mr. Mowbray's affair?"

"Very odd, Mr. Terrell," replies the de-

tective putting on his official manner, the prose of which curiously contrasted with the poetry of the hot whiskey—"very odd indeed, sir: but it's only to-day I heard a rumour that the young lady we want is in Spain."

"In Spain!"

"Yes, sir. There was a half-bred gipsy I put on the scent, and told him if he could get any good information I'd pay him for it—and the fellow came to my place to-day and said that was what he had heard. The young lady, he said, was stole by the gipsies, in revenge for Squire Mowbray's locking some of them up."

"But tell me," said Terrell, intensely interested, "is this all you know? Can't you discover *where* she is? Mr. Mowbray will reward you handsomely if you find the child. It is worth your while to try."

"I shall know more in a few days, Mr.

Terrell," said Lipsett. "I expect to see the man again the day after to-morrow—and I didn't intend to come to you till I heard what he had to say."

"Well," said Terrell, "come to me the minute you see him again. Bring him to my chambers, if you can. It is most probable that I shall go out of town to-morrow morning; but you know my clerk, Creighton—he will send on any news that is important. Don't fall asleep about this affair, Lipsett; if you find the child and bring her home safe, Mr. Mowbray will give you money enough to retire upon, and set up a suburban villa. Do you understand, my good fellow? I'm not chaffing you. He'll give you more money than you ever saw in your life."

"I quite understand, Mr. Terrell. I'll attend to it the very first thing in the morning."

Terrell left the hot atmosphere of the monster music-hall and walked meditatively into the moonlit Strand. He pondered over the last act of the evening's drama.

"I've to meet Mowbray at ten," he said to himself, "it would be useless to go back to him now. I wonder which he will think of most in the morning—the daughter he has lost, or the wife he wants to win? Will he go into Berkshire, or rush off to Lipsett's? We shall see. He is an odd fish."

Thus meditating, the Bohemian barrister reached the Temple, and passed beneath its closed archway. Thames shone in the moonlight; very quiet were those learned legal avenues and quadrangles. Terrell made his way to his own third floor—and found, to his immediate disgust, that he had not got his key in his pocket. He indulged in a little elegant execration.

"What's to be done?" he asked himself.

"I see; sleep at the 'Great Western.' Where shall I get a hansom? Lucky I put on an overcoat, for a dresscoat is not a pleasant thing to travel in."

So he made his way back into Fleet Street, and soon found the desired hansom, and within half an hour was in a comfortable chamber at the great railway hotel. If you have to travel in the morning, surely it is wise to sleep close to your starting point. The railway hotel, when its lady manager or chief barmaid is not altogether too exclusive an aristocrat, is really an excellent institution. I often wonder why the ladies who occupy that position are often so superbly condescending. They outdo *omne quod exit in ess* . . . from emperor and princess down to governess and laundress . . . in magnificence of *hauteur*. And really, in these days of high intellectual culture and dear starch, it is doubtful whether laundress

[liability limited] or governess is likely to have the finer style.

Somewhere about ten o'clock in the morning Terrell came down to the railway station, and within five minutes Mowbray's carriage drove up. He was at once made acquainted with Lipsett's news.

"A good omen!" he said. "Of course you told him not to spare money?"

"I did," said Terrell.

"Ha, that's well. I shall start on my journey with a pleasant belief in my success. Isn't it a delicious morning?"

Soon the two gentlemen were comfortably ensconced in a smoking-carriage, studying the *Times* as if their lives depended on learning its contents.

## CHAPTER III.

### RICHARD RICHARDS.

HAROLD HASTINGS, one of those men born with the century who shame us young fellows, heir to an ancient earldom, a man whose life has been full of adventure, lives now at Fernley Chase, on the margin of our southward sea. There he has a quaint shooting-box, planted in the midst of a few thousand acres of shooting. Whoever built that box, all on one floor except the kitchen and cellar, had an excellent notion of comfort. Only a dining and drawing-room and three or four bedrooms, but all as snug as possible; and Hastings, whose

pictures are choice—the choicest being portraits of good friends, human, equine, canine —and whose plate includes many reminiscences of his own daring career, guerdons of his achievements in the House of Commons and the hunting-field, has made the little place a perfect gem in its way. It is the very home for a man who unites a love of study with a love of sport. The lawn in front, surrounded by laurel and ilex, is haunted by scores of tame pheasants of many breeds; no scythe need ever approach it, for the rabbits keep the grass nibbled short. Behind, when you have passed a belt of evergreens, you come to open country, interspersed with pheasant coverts; and in the valley between the house and the sea there are a series of shallow pools, haunted by wild duck and teal.

Here Harold Hastings lives a bachelor life, receiving his friends when they come

to him with that refined simplicity of style which shows blood and breeding. When alone, he writes those charming books of his, which unite a Homeric style of story-telling with the most acute and subtle observation of natural phenomena and of all living creatures. He has intimate knowledge of the highest society, and also of the wildest denizens of forest and moorland. I have the pleasure of knowing a few men of his generation, patricians, men who fought, loved, wrote, gamed, spent brilliant days and joyous nights in the time of the Regency, and what strikes me about them is their marvellous vitality. They have more life in them at this moment than the majority of young fellows who are half their age. They mastered the world at an early date. So fresh and full of power are they that you cannot fairly picture them in the prime of life. These are not men, observe, who

developed their mental and physical vigour by the artificial methods now in vogue: athletic sports and competitive examinations were things unknown in their hot youth; their brain and muscle alike grew to perfection by harmonious exercise. And so, when you meet these strong survivors of a free and fearless race, they stand out in marked contrast with the majority of younger men.

Harold Hastings, fond of adventure, liked in a leisure hour to narrate his adventure. Few things are pleasanter than, after a sharp day's sport, to sit down by your camp fire and smoke a short pipe, and make a few notes of what you have done. How fresh and racy those jottings read in the pages of your favourite journal! The favourite journal of Harold Hastings was the *Country Gentleman*—and some excellent work he did in its columns. But, though you give a

newspaper an aristocratic name, you cannot be quite sure that all its contributors are gentlemen: and among the scribblers in the journal above named was one Richard Richards, an immense authority on fish and fishing. This man of letters, being of a bumptious disposition, on one occasion made so impertinent an onslaught upon a contribution from our friend Hastings, that the latter reluctantly withdrew from all connexion with the *Country Gentleman*. In the old fierce days he might have horsewhipped the little cad; he contented himself by a cool expression of his supreme contempt.

Now Hastings is a great friend of the Marquis of Wraysbury—and the Marquis has some remarkably fine fishing in the river Ashe. So one day Richard Richards, having a holiday and wishing to spend it profitably, came down to Ashridge, and took up his quarters at the Wraysbury Arms,

bringing with him materials for fly fishing. Burton made his customer comfortable, as a matter of course, but did not particularly admire him. However Richards, being the possessor of an audacious spirit and an impenetrable hide, made himself at home in an easy fashion.

"Good fishing about here, I suppose," he said to Burton in the evening, as he sat in the bar and drank brandy and water.

"Lots of trout," replied the landlord. "But you can't fish without his lordship's leave."

"Whose lordship?" asks Richards, curtly.

"Why, the Marquis, of course," says Burton.

"But *what* Marquis?" persisted Richard Richards. "There are plenty of Marquises about."

"We only know one Marquis down here," quoth Burton. "The Marquis of Wrays-

bury owns most of the property hereabout. And he's very particular about his fishing; he keeps it for some of his intimate friends —there's the Honourable Harold Hastings, for one—and a nice gentleman he is, too."

Now Richard Richards had of course been quite aware that the Marquis of Wraysbury was the great landowner at Ashridge; but he did not know that Hastings was a friend of his. The landlord's remark suggested an idea to the unscrupulous piscator. Were not he and Hastings fellow-contributors to the *Country Gentleman?* What though the Honourable Harold had let him know that he deserved kicking? The Marquis of Wraysbury was not at all likely to have heard of that. He tacitly resolved to call at Ashridge Manor next morning—and to present a card with the name of the journal wherewith he was connected engraved in the sinister corner.

So he got himself up in his finest style on the following day, and clomb the hill to the fine old house, and was shown into the great hall, a room thirty feet high, hung with portraits of the House of Waynflete. Vandyke, Holbein, Lely, Reynolds, had done some of their best work. It is one of the noblest privileges of wealth to be able to employ a great portrait-painter. There is generally one of at least the second rank in every generation. A painter of genius sees the character of a man, and puts it on the canvas; what a delight to be face to face with an ancestor of three centuries ago! It is a revelation. A man is a link in a chain that has had no beginning and will have no end; he is inextricably connected with an infinite past and an infinite future; he cannot know what his descendant may be, but a Titian or Vandyke will give him intelligible information concerning his ancestor. This,

I say, is a revelation. It enlarges the individual, and makes him to some extent understand his relation to the race. Often he is astonished by discovering that some great-uncle or great-grandfather is the very image of himself—while he is only too well aware that he is extremely unlike his respected father. One lesson is obviously herefrom to be learnt; if a man is disgusted with his own sons and daughters, he may console himself with the notion that his own genius and valour and his wife's beauty and gentleness will come up again in a future generation.

Richard Richards stood in the hall, amid the portraits, for which he had a noble democratic contempt. He had no ancestors himself, and despised everybody who believed in such contemptible nonsense. Still, if he had by some fortunate accident become a millionaire, it is my opinion that he would

have hunted Wardour Street for portraits of his ancestors, and hung them up in the quasi-ancestral hall, and pointed with delight to the Richard de Richardes who, in coat of mail, on an elephantine charger, won the Battle of Hastings for the Bastard of Normandy, and to the Lady Ricarda de Richardes, whose intense beauty made her the favourite of King Henry VIII., who offered to make her his sixth Queen, but was decisively refused.

Presently the Marquis of Wraysbury came down to receive his visitor, courteous, but interrogative as to the reason of his being honoured by a visit. Richards was fluent and plausible, and described himself as a man of letters, a lover of nature and trout streams, a contributor to the *Country Gentleman*, a friend of the Honourable Harold Hastings.

"Ah, my friend Hastings knows there is

good fishing here," interposed the Marquis. "He has taken many a full basket of trout from the Ashe. I am delighted to see any friend of his. Won't you stay a few days, and try the water?"

"Won't a ferret suck a rabbit?
As a thing of course he stops;
And with most voracious swallow
Walks into my mutton chops.
In the twinkling of a bed-post
Is each savoury platter clear,
And he shows uncommon science
In his estimate of beer."

So writes Bon Gaultier. Quite as willing to accept the offered entertainment as the lifeguardsman was the redoubtable Richard Richards; better fare, be sure, did he anticipate than mutton-chops and beer. The Marquis was well pleased to welcome any friend of Hastings'; and, though he certainly thought Richards an odd looking fish, remembered that men of letters were eccentric, and received him in good faith.

The fishing journalist was in clover. He had never in his life seen such a style of living, or eaten such dinners, or tasted such wine. The Marchioness thought him a curious animal, but of course believed in any friend of the well-beloved Harold Hastings. Lady Mary, with the exquisite instinct of childhood, kept as far away from him as possible.

It struck Richard Richards that the right thing to do when staying at a swell place was to assume an air of perfect ease; so he came down to breakfast in the morning without either necktie or waistcoat, wearing a Burlington Arcade dressing-gown, and a pair of slippers cut out of a Kidderminster carpet. Such an apparition had not been seen for some generations in the breakfast-room at Ashridge Manor; butler and footmen were absolutely astounded, and little Lady Mary opened her wondrous blue eyes

in amazement. The Marchioness, behind the hissing urn of silver, laughed a little laugh to herself, bending her beautiful bright face over her letters. The Marquis turned away from the table for a moment, and made a remark about the weather, and looked intently out of window at the river Ashe glittering in the sunlight.

Richard Richards, unconscious and loquacious, got very well through breakfast. He was one of those happy men who can talk without weariness on one absorbing topic. Richards had an immense deal to say about himself; he was the hero of all his own stories; he was the mighty fisherman of the age. The thing was not unamusing for a time; but I fear the Marquis and Marchioness were confoundedly tired of him before he took himself off. This I know, that a month or two later Harold Hastings called on the Marquis in London. Amid some

desultory conversation, Lord Wraysbury said—

"Your friend who came down to Ashridge is rather an eccentric personage."

"Yes, indeed," said her ladyship. "But I suppose literary men are generally rather odd."

"My friend! A literary man!" ejaculated Hastings.

"Yes," said the Marquis, "and a famous angler, by his own account. He did not contrive to get many trout from the Ashe, though. He grumbled over his bad luck, but the man who went out with him was heard to describe him as a 'duffer.'"

"But who in the world *is* the fellow?" asked Hastings, impatiently. "What's his name, for Heaven's sake?"

"One Richard Richards," replied the Marquis. "A contributor to your favourite newspaper, the *Country Gentleman*."

Hastings burst into a laugh.

"If your ladyship weren't present," he said, "I should be inclined to use strong language. Do you know, that fellow is so far from being a friend of mine that he has never been in my company—and my only knowledge of him is through his insolent behaviour to me in the columns of that same paper. And he actually introduced himself to you as my friend! Well, that is getting into society on false pretences! Don't you think I ought to kick him?"

"O dear no!" exclaimed the Marchioness. "Poor little man, he was very amusing—only he evidently thought it was good style not to wear a waistcoat."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Hastings. "I hope you won't accept any more of my *soi-disant* friends on their own evidence, Wraysbury."

This is an anticipatory digression. Rich-

ards was still a guest at Ashridge Manor when Lord Wraysbury returned. We left him about to dine with Métivier. They were uninterrupted—save by the entrance, as they sat over their wine, of Big Dog, guided by a chambermaid, and carrying carefully in his mouth a little note which he gravely offered to his master. It was only a "good-night" from Olive: the two girls, after a few hours sleep, had revived, but felt no particular inclination to put in an appearance; so Olive pencilled a line to her cousin, and sent it by a four-footed messenger. A few simple words only—but they caused Adrian to think again of the symptoms he had perceived of Olive's having taken a girlish fancy for him. As he was, we know, a man devoid of vanity, he felt only pained by the conviction that this was the case. He had a singular admiration for his cousin —a wild creature, fantastic and original—

but his love was fixed on the little girl who was now playing chess or studying casuistry (I know not which) in the loneliest part of Berkshire. He felt that he was growing impatient again to meet Amy Gray. He longed to get rid of his cousin and Mowbray's daughter, and to fly off to the little governess. Little did he guess that Mowbray was already flying in that very direction.

"Yours is a curious enterprise, Waynflete," said Métivier, as they sat over their port, the big Pyrenean happily lying at his master's feet. "I greatly like the notion of your wandering about Europe with a couple of girls. You are a perfect knight-errant."

"It is odd," said Adrian. "The little Mowbray will astonish her excellent papa, if she exhibits any of the gipsy tricks which she has learnt. My cousin Olive knows something of the gipsies too; her father lived among them, and was quite a great

chief of their clan. You ought to study that child, Métivier: you may make some discoveries."

"I have often wondered," said the Hermit, "whether there is anything more than fancy in that notion which has fascinated your poet, Matthew Arnold, concerning the Scholar Gipsy. The story is Glanvil's, you know—and he makes the Oxford wanderer state that the gipsies are not mere impostors, but can do wonders by the power of imagination, their fancy binding that of others. You remember the poem?"

"O yes, and a very pretty poem it is; and I recollect a good many young Oxford men being mad about it. I did not sympathise with it. It is morbid, like most of the modern poetry. Some of the expressions remain in my memory. Arnold complains of

> . . . 'the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,
> Which much to have tried, in much been baffled, brings.'

A man must be made of very poor stuff to take life in that way. There's no 'sick fatigue' nor 'languid doubt' in Homer or Shakespeare."

"No," said Métivier, laughing, "nor did either of those mighty poets try your Laureate's 'hourly varied anodynes.' *Anodynes* for a poet! Apollo taking a sleeping-draught! My dear Waynflete, these modern men don't know what a poet's function is."

"I recollect two other lines," said Adrian.

> "'Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
> Who never deeply felt, nor clearly willed.'

"The description is accurate. A casual creed can only have half-believers."

"Ay, and a true poet must have more than a casual creed. Your greatest poet of late is Landor, and he spoke a deep truth when he said—'The Bible is the Earth!' I've a strong contempt for these diseased writers. But, going back to your question,

I do think that a man of vivid intellect who went off to dwell with the gipsies, or with any other nomad race, might learn a great lesson—might perhaps be able to teach something of it to the world."

"What do you apprehend might be learnt?" asked Lord Waynflete.

"Escape from the rigid grooves of life. Anything really new appals men. Look at education, for instance, among the European nations—here in England especially."

"Everybody gets a vague notion of the three R's, I suppose," said Adrian.

"O yes. But in that elementary region you will for ever go on teaching absurdities, because they are venerable. Look at your stupid decimal system. Because certain savage ancestors of yours, immemorial centuries ago, began to count by the number of their fingers, you barbarously reckon by tens to this day. Twelve is the proper radix

for a system: why is it not adopted?"

"And eight times nine would be sixty," said Adrian, laughing. "The idea of being enthusiastic about a reform of multiplication table!"

"A very important reform," said Métivier. "Take another divarication of the same subject. You have twenty-six letters in your alphabet—some of them duplicates; now, so far as I remember, English requires twenty-one consonants and thirteen vowels—thirty-four altogether. All students of language agree that words should be written as pronounced—a perfect alphabet would shorten and simplify the education of children; but you laugh at the idea. You have actually thrown away the letter *thorn* of your great forefathers. You don't know that one reason why you are a strong people is that you are a theta-sounding people."

"Then you argue," said Adrian, "that if

a man got among the gipsies he might learn to reckon by twelves and to spell by sound. Also, he would probably acquire the art of training a horse by a whisper, and of grilling hedgehogs. What a sensation he would make on his return to society!"

"It is vain to argue with an Englishman," said Métivier. "Pass the port. That wine, as it is humorously called, was invented for you English—I must say it suits you well. You could not live on the pure juice of the grape."

* * * * * *

The two young ladies were also having a chat upstairs in their comfortable bedroom. They had, as I have mentioned, felt the recuperative effect of sleep, which, as Sancho Panza sagely observed, wraps a man about like a cloak. They awoke quite hungry, as might be expected under the

circumstances ; and the excellent landlady of the "Woolpack" supplied them with an appetizing meal, which they ate in dishabille by their fireside. I trust it is not too great an impertinence to intrude upon a couple of young girls who are chatting cheerfully under such conditions.

"You will be home soon, Ethel," said Olive, "and see your father. Won't you be glad?"

"Indeed I shall. My father is so kind—I am sure you will like him. But, you know, it seems like a dream to me. I can't understand it at all."

"You will soon get over that feeling," said Olive. "When you see your home again, you will wake up. Life is all a series of dreams, I think."

She was talking more to herself than to little Ethel, who was a trifle too young to understand anything metaphysical.

"I long to see my governess again," said Ethel. "She *is* so nice."

"What is her name?"

"Amy Gray."

"I don't think I long to see anybody," said Olive, again rather in the way of a soliloquy. "I don't believe England can be as pleasant as Spain. The people drink beer instead of wine, and don't know how to make an olla or an omelet; and there are no olives or lemons or oleanders. I am sure it will be very dull."

"O no, not at all," cried little Ethel, eagerly. "It is much more comfortable in a great house than in a tent—and you have plenty of servants to wait upon you—and my papa used to give me beautiful wine . . . that bubbles up, you know, and O such big delicious peaches! But I'm afraid," she went on, shaking her head with much gravity, "that he won't like me to walk on stilts and

play the tambourine. And that will be a great loss."

"O, my father's house is nobly built,
And stands in a stately scene!
And the lofty walls are richly gilt—
And they'll treat me like a Queen:
But I'd rather walk on the jolly stilt,
And play the tambourine!"

So sang Olive impromptu; she was in a mood mingled of mirth and melancholy.

"Perhaps, though," says Ethel, "a pony-carriage is as nice as a pair of stilts."

"Very likely," answered Olive. "O dear me, I wish I knew what my uncle is like. If he is like my poor dear father I shall love him very much. But that's too good to be true."

"Why?" asked Ethel. "People generally are like their brothers, are they not?"

"I don't think so. I wish we could go on travelling with Adrian always."

"Not by sea, in that horrid steamer!" ejaculated Ethel.

"O dear no! On mules, over the pleasant hills of Spain—stopping by the sides of great rivers, where there is plenty of shade. I should like that always. You like Adrian, don't you?"

"Very much. Almost as much as Black Jack."

"Well, I should think he was a great deal nicer than Black Jack," said Olive, rather contemptuously.

"O, I don't know, dear," said Ethel. "Black Jack taught me how to walk on stilts: don't you think I do it well?"

"Very well indeed—but I don't think walking on stilts is worth learning. Who taught you to play the tambourine?"

"What, do you think *that* worth learning? It was the wonderful old woman that Jack called Mami who taught me that. I have got my tambourine with me," said the child, laughing. "I put it in when they

were packing up some things for me. And little Jasper, who was on stilts with me when you came, gave me his best flageolet, so I put that in too. Poor Jasper! he was my sweetheart, you know, and he declares he'll kill himself. But it is such a delightful flageolet . . . ivory, with silver keys. Let me show it you."

"Can you play on it?" asked Olive.

"O yes: can't you? It is so easy."

Therewith the child ran to the odd bundle which Ursula Johnson had made up for her when they were starting, and pulled out of it both flageolet and tambourine. To the former she applied her lips, and produced a strange sort of minor melody, which was not without a charm. Then she took the tambourine, and held it high in air with the left hand, and struck it sometimes with the right hand, sometimes with the foot, assuming attitudes which would have rather as-

tonished her respected papa. Olive meanwhile had made herself a cigarette, and was smoking placidly, and looking on with much enjoyment at the child's vagaries.

If only I could handle the pencil deftly, and put on paper that quaint old cosy double-bedded room at the "Woolpack," with its odd occupants! A fire burns in the vast fireplace, though it is not cold; the curtains are drawn; the two large lazy-looking beds invite to sleep; on a table near the fire are the remnants of a jolly little supper, with a half-emptied decanter of some pale wine. Olive Waynflete, dark, lithe of figure, long-fingered, with large melancholy eyes, enveloped in white draperies, is lying back in a huge crimson chair, and slowly smoking her cigarette, looking dreamily at the wreaths of vapour which float above her. Little Ethel Evelyn Mowbray—daughter of a millionaire, yet looking like a baby gipsy—is

dancing wildly, and singing a strange unintelligible song, and crashing the tambourine. An odd picture, I venture to think—not often to be paralleled in an English country inn.

"Come, child," said Olive at last, "that will do. We shall have that dear old landlady inquiring what is the matter . . . . when she will catch me smoking, and will be dreadfully shocked."

Ethel, by this time breathless, threw her tambourine on the bed, and sat down in her chair, looking like a dusky fairy overdone with her mad frolic. The hederigerent Maenads of old were never more filled with excitement. Olive could not help wondering what her father would think of his transmuted daughter. Certes, she was something very different from what the respectable Mowbray was accustomed to.

Olive Waynflete, thanks to her constant

association with her father, was not half so much a gipsy, notwithstanding her Romany blood, as this little Ethel had already become. Now Oliver Waynflete was an Englishman of the old adventurous type—like the Shirleys of Wiston in Sussex . . . one of whom discovered at Aleppo "a drink made of seed that will soon intoxicate the brain"—a drink now known as coffee. But all through his wanderings—ay, and after his gipsy marriage—Oliver Waynflete was thoroughly English. And he took his daughter's education in hand, so soon as she could read: that is, when his tent was pitched at night, and the lamp burning, and the hookah alight, he made her read to him certain great English writers . . . notably Shakespeare and Milton. Of modern English literature she was absolutely ignorant; her father had cared nothing about it. But down to Queen Ann's reign she was well

up in the indigenous classics; had read much Chaucer and much Swift, travelling with the Canterbury Pilgrims and with Captain Lemuel Gulliver. So she had English ideas, and could perceive that little Ethel would appear to her father a strangely metamorphosed child.

* * * * * *

Morning came. Our party at the "Woolpack" were up early, for they were to reach Ashridge Manor that afternoon. The girls were introduced at breakfast to Métivier, who was delighted with the prospect of studying such a charming *lusus naturae* as Olive Waynflete. The party of five (for I count Big Dog) got a railway-carriage to themselves, an express train, and reached Ashridge in time for luncheon—to which the Marquis and Marchioness and little Lady Mary were about to sit down. The

famous fisherman, Richard Richards, had breakfasted early in order to achieve the capture of a mighty pike: the pike had been too much for him, and at about one o'clock he began to feel uncommonly thirsty (you may be sure he had emptied his flask) and thought he would join the Marquis at luncheon. So it happened that he had just reached the front door, and was standing within the hall, when the carriage from the station arrived with the travellers. Big Dog, who had been a great deal perplexed by his various adventures in parts of the world unknown to him, had followed the carriage; and, recognizing the dear old places that he knew, the mighty Pyrenean was in exuberant spirits, and made the neighbourhood echo with his bark. As they drew up, he beheld Richard Richards on the threshold, and in pure play put his mighty paws upon that gentleman's shoulders. So,

as Adrian and his companions entered, there was Richard Richards on his back, and Big Dog wondering why he didn't get up again.

## CHAPTER IV.

### IN WHICH MOWBRAY VISITS MISS GRIFFIN.

MOWBRAY and Terrell, at about mid-day, reached the nearest station to Wyvern Grange. It was a very small station, with nothing like fly or cab in the neighbourhood; the two travellers turned out upon its platform, beheld nothing except a very bucolic porter, and a cottage fifty yards away which they discovered to be a public-house. To this establishment the bucolic porter, of whom they asked advice, led them so eagerly that it might well be imagined he was interested in its prosperity; and they found themselves face to face with a robust

and florid young woman, the landlady, who carried a child in her arms, and had another in a cradle close by, and whose recent production of twins had caused her to be the heroine of the period in the villages round about. After some discussion, it was suggested that there was an old horse of Farmer Yeo's that could be put in a spring-cart, and that a red-headed boy at that moment visibly engaged in the manufacture of mud-pies could act as charioteer. This seemed the only practicable arrangement.

"This is a confounded nuisance," said Mowbray, standing in the wretched little front garden of the public-house. "I don't at all like the idea of going to Wyvern Grange in a miserable cart. We ought to have considered this."

"It could not easily have been foreseen," replied Terrell. "One may travel from London to Bristol and back a good many

times without discovering that there is such an uncivilized little station as this between the two termini. We must make the best of a bad bargain."

It seemed a trifle to Terrell, who had always been accustomed to rough it; but Mowbray, for whom the paths of life had of late years been as easy as the *descensus Averni*, felt very much disgusted.

Some men are much more influenced by circumstances than others. There is a famous living novelist who, when he finds himself dull, puts on a clean shirt and a swell coat and the biggest diamond ring he possesses, and sits down to write—and invariably finds himself brilliant. This is his own confession. He is a great novelist, but, by Heaven! he hath a small soul. Is not nudity the costume for a poet? Is not the best coat ever built by a Stultz or worn by a D'Orsay a mere husk and wrappage of the

human animal? Do you see Apollo Ekaërgos there, carved in marble of Marpessa by a consummate sculptor—his countenance intent upon the arrow which has just been sped on its death-dealing errand? How would he look in a dress-coat and continuations—or in the recently invented black velvet costume of the Court—or in the scarlet coat with epaulette shoulders of a soldier—or even in that manliest form of modern dress, the pink and buckskins and top-boots of the man who rides to hounds? Or Apollo's sister Artemis—or Aphrodite, as she arose

> Nude from the sea-foam, stealing violet
> From that Greek ocean for her luminous eyes . . .

how would either of them look in the fashionable costume of what somebody recently described as "the so-called nineteenth century"? But why should I perorate? Read Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*—and perpend.

To be set down at a roadside inn, where, if a man wanted to quench his thirst, the choice lay between fourpenny beer and stagnant water, was an infernal nuisance to Mowbray. Worse than this the prospect of having to travel to Wyvern Grange in a rustic vehicle of the humblest description. Terrell, who was himself a man of good family, and who had a fancy for genealogy, had discovered that Miss Griffin was the last descendant and sole heiress of the De Gryphonnes of Griffinhoof Castle, county of York; and Mowbray, with the vanity which belongs naturally to a *parvenu*, detested the idea of approaching this superb old lady in anything but the most magnificent style. He felt at first disposed to defer for a day his attack upon Amy—to go back to town, and bring down a carriage and pair by train on the following day. But there was no up train from this small station

till late in the afternoon, and the idea of spending several hours in company with the idiotic railway porter and the stout landlady and her twins was not to be endured. So he determined to proceed with his enterprise, and Terrell, who cared very little for circumstances, lit a cigar, and sat on the low stone wall which bounded the garden of the beershop, and awaited Farmer Yeo's horse and cart.

Which arrived at last. People don't hurry themselves in country-villages: why should they? Farmer Yeo's horse was grazing on a common, and had to be caught; catching him furnished half an hour's delicious excitement to all the small boys of the place. He was a short stout rough horse, with legs of about the same thickness from the knee downwards. The pasterns of a thoroughbred filly are as worthy of admiration as the ankles of a highbred girl; but

this animal's legs were quite above such refinements as pastern and fetlock. He was a wall-eyed horse, with a suspicion of spavin, and with a habit of making such hideous noises when over-driven that the most eager traveller would hold his hand with the whip. When he was drawn up in front of the "Bell and Bottle," as the little public-house was called, Mowbray's countenance was a perfect study, and even the imperturbable Bohemian looked somewhat appalled. To travel a dozen miles behind such an animal, in such a cart, driven by such a boy, was anything but a pleasant prospect.

However, it had to be done; and the equipage started, amid hearty cheers from the small boys of the village. They of course had a direct interest in the matter: had they not caught Farmer Yeo's horse? —and was not their red-headed ringleader chosen as charioteer? Such an exciting

event had not occurred in the neighbourhood within their memory.

I need not describe this journey : like all other nuisances of life, it came to an end. They had to traverse a fine open wild country, which would have been enjoyable in a luxurious carriage drawn by good horses; but in their present condition they found very little enjoyment indeed. Once or twice they lost their way, for the red-headed boy had never before been a mile out of his village—and there were no guide-posts at the cross roads—and very few wayfarers are to be met in that wild region. It is the region of the Berkshire shepherd's song :—

Come, all you shepherds as minds for to be,
You must have a gallant heart,
You must not be down-hearted,
You must a-bear the smart;
You must a-bear the smart, my boys,
Let it hail or rain or snow,
For there is no ale to be had on the Hill
When the wintry wind doth blow.

They had made about two-thirds of their journey, as well as they could calculate, when the white chalky road brought them out upon the brow of a hill; and its descent into the valley was so steep that they decided not to trust themselves to the mercy of Farmer Yeo's horse. So they got out to walk, and Terrell lighted another cigar.

"If I could smoke incessantly, as you do," said Mowbray, "I should not get so irritated by annoyances of a trifling kind. I envy you that resource."

"You need not," replied Terrell, laughing. "Tobacco is the consoler of the unlucky; you, who have always had a full career of fortune, need no such solace. A pipe or a cigar has carried me through a multitude of worries without much harm done."

They had passed from the road to the grass, for more pleasurable walking; and

they suddenly came upon a trench in the down, in which a very seedy-looking man was standing. Evidently he was at watch, for he knelt so as to conceal himself below the edge of the dyke. His hat was napless and shapeless; his clothing was of a dingy black; but he was intensely gazing through a large opera-glass at something in the distance. So silent was their tread on the velvet turf, that he knew nothing of their approach till the sun threw their shadow across his line of vision. Then he started up, gave them a brief look of surprise and terror, and ran down the hill at a headlong pace. Mowbray, perfectly amazed at this curious incident, exclaimed—

"Why, the fellow will break his neck. What does he mean, Terrell?"

In his fright, the man had dropped his opera-glass. The Bohemian barrister stooped and picked it up.

"Treasure-trove," he said. "A Voigtlander, absolutely. Ah! . . . do you see on the other side of the valley a string of horses with boys upon them?"

"Yes. What then?"

"The rascal is a tout—the correspondent of some sporting paper. There is a training-stable near this, evidently. He was afraid of being caught in his nefarious business, and soundly thrashed. Ah, now I see."

A slight turn in the road gave them a view of some spacious well-built stabling, with two or three elegant cottages near it, pleasantly situate in the valley. To reach this group of buildings it was necessary to strike out of the high road for a few hundred yards; this they did unhesitatingly, since it occurred to Mowbray that they might perhaps be able to hire some more respectable vehicle than Farmer Yeo's cart. A clear brook ran through the valley, and

the first house to which they came was a little inn, with the sign of "The Flying Childers." Such a racehorse as stretched into a gallop on that signboard was never seen on English turf.

A very natty young woman, in marked contrast with the florid slovenly landlady of the "Bell and Bottle," showed them into a sanded parlour, well-furnished with Grantham chairs, and hung with portraits of famous racehorses. Soda and brandy was found a very refreshing mixture after the dust of the chalky road. To an inquiry about a conveyance the reply was satisfactory.

"O yes: my husband will drive you in his dog-cart. I'll go and call him."

"We are in better luck at last," said Terrell.

Presently entered the landlord, George Payne; a light weight of five-and-thirty in

cutaway coat and belcher tie, a flower in his button-hole, his bandy legs encased in cord breeches and boots.

"Wyvern Grange, gentlemen," he said. "It's a matter of five or six miles. My mare will take us there in twenty minutes."

"Very well," said Mowbray. "We'll start as soon as possible."

It was further arranged that they should return to the railway station by this conveyance; and the red-headed boy was directed to turn Farmer Yeo's horse's head homewards again.

The dog-cart was brought round—a light trap with the highest of wheels; the mare, a chestnut with three white stockings, six years old, and sixteen hands high, set off at an easy trot that seemed to shorten the miles. As they went, Terrell told their driver the adventure with the tout, and ex-

hibited the opera-glass. Payne laughed prodigiously.

"Why, sir," he said, "that's the very best thing I ever heard. Those chaps have good reason to be afraid when they come here—his lordship has thrashed two or three of them within an inch of their lives."

"Who is his lordship?" asked Mowbray.

"Well, bless your life, sir, I thought everybody knowed his lordship. Lord Cheviot's stables these are, and old Dick Grange is the head trainer. We've got the Derby and Leger this next year as safe as eggs. Such a galloper—and can't he stay! I've put on every guinea I've got."

"Lord Cheviot," said Terrell. "I know Lord Cheviot. I shall keep this binocular till I see him."

It certainly would have been odd if Terrell, who knew everybody, was unacquainted with Lord Cheviot. That earl is a king of

the turf. He breeds racehorses, runs them to win, and generally wins. He has never made a bet in his life, and never will. He has the most absolute contempt for sporting papers, turf correspondents, touts, welshers, *et hoc genus omne.* He does not acknowledge the existence of the Ring. He is of opinion that races were meant for the encouragement of the breed of horses, and not to enable a set of scoundrels to live who otherwise would be hanged. This opinion, I am aware, is singular; and I believe the Earl of Cheviot, in consequence of holding it, is the most unpopular member of the Jockey Club. Unpopularity is a thing he does not much care about. A peer of the realm, with a hundred thousand a year, need not trouble himself about what Dick, Tom, and Harry say of him.

It did not take long—this journey to Wyvern Grange behind the chestnut mare;

soon the dog-cart crossed the bridge over the moat, and pulled up before the quaint portico, with its columns of rounded brick, and its cornice of grey stone. On the wide green lawn before the strange old house the apples were reddening on the boughs, and the mulberries hung purple amid the dusk foliage. The dog-cart drew up; Terrell, who sat behind, got down and rang the bell, which sounded sonorously through the house, and left a silence behind it; and in that silence Mowbray could hear the big apples dropping heavily from the trees with a mellow thud of autumn.

It was about four o'clock. Miss Griffin, having had the essence of the *Times* served out for her by Amy Gray, was enjoying her afternoon doze. Amy, set free, had started an hour ago with the blue Skye terrier for a ramble over the downs. Mowbray, of course, inquired for Miss Gray; learning that she

was out, he had no alternative but to ask for Miss Griffin ; and that lady, disturbed in her afternoon *siesta*, was by no means amiable in her temper. Her dogs seemed infected by her acrimony. Up they sprang, big and little, and made a fierce onslaught on Mowbray and Terrell, as they entered the old oak-pannelled room. Miss Griffin, from her great crimson chair by the fire, peered curiously at her visitors.

Mowbray, a man of the world, explained who he was, introduced his friend, said that he had come down to see Miss Gray on a matter of private business, apologized for giving Miss Griffin so much trouble, and so forth. The old lady's bright eyes grew brighter under her bushy eyebrows, and she guessed in a moment the meaning of this invasion. "I am delighted to see you, Mr. Mowbray," she said. "Miss Gray is out just now, and probably will not return till dinner.

Will you and your friend stay and dine? We are early—five o'clock."

Thus it was arranged; and the chestnut mare was taken round to the stables; and the landlord of the "Flying Childers" was given over to the entertainment of the servants, whom he amazed by his capacity for the consumption of cold beef and old ale, and the wonderful stories which he had to tell. Mr. Payne was very popular in the servants' hall at Wyvern Grange, and I believe he produced a permanent effect on the heart of a pretty housemaid. At any rate a manservant who boasted himself her admirer was heard to say he should like to punch that duffer's head. This was after the duffer was gone.

Amy Gray, followed by Fido in an ecstasy of bark, had wandered off across the downs. She was in a less morbid state than she had been, but still somewhat oppressed by a

sense of loneliness. You see, she had heard nothing more of Lord Waynflete. Towards him, I fear, her truant thoughts were flying, as she tripped over the short soft grass. Wrong, is it not, matrons and maidens?—wrong, surely, for a girl to think perpetually of a man who has never said to her a single word about love. Amy told herself it was very, very wrong, a hundred times a day; and a hundred times a day her thoughts flew off to Adrian all the same. Thought is free, saith the adage. Thought is certainly a thing not be controlled.

She did not once think, this afternoon, of Mowbray or of Terrell. She came home gaily enough, with Fido vociferous at her heels; and looked at her little gold watch as she entered; and, seeing it was close on the dinner hour, ran straight up to her own room. As she dressed, she remembered it was an evening for chess, and wondered

what opening Miss Griffin would choose. And then, as it was just five, she went downstairs, as was her custom, into the dining-room . . . and behold Miss Griffin about to take her customary seat, and Mowbray and Terrell awaiting her arrival.

Amy blushed. Can you forgive her?—as Mr. Anthony Trollope would ask. If not, you are an ass. The child could not well help blushing, since there at once flashed upon her the knowledge that Mowbray could be there on one only possible errand . . . a fool's errand, *pardie.* However, there he was; and there was Terrell, whom she liked much better: and Amy shook hands cordially with both, and at once assumed an exquisitely innocent ignorance of what could have brought them hither. O these simple-subtle little girls!

Mowbray, for once in his life, was astonished that evening. He was indeed doubly

astonished. The perfection of elegance exhibited on Miss Griffin's dining-table was one source hereof—Amy's perfect self-possession was the other. Amy had made up her mind, irrevocably. There had grown upon her in her solitude a firm faith in Lord Waynflete: she felt sure she should again see him: she knew what he would have to say to her—ay, and she knew what she should answer. And so she sat through dinner with an amount of easy self-control which amazed Mowbray and amused Terrell and Miss Griffin.

Dinner over, the old lady asked Terrell if he would play chess with her. The Bohemian was nothing loth. The drawing-room at Wyvern Grange, although low, was large; so, while the mistress of the house and Terrell played chess by the fire, ample space was there for Mowbray and Miss Gray to play out *their* little game.

Imagine Miss Griffin in her corner, before the marble chess-table—and the Bohemian barrister seated opposite her. Hers were the red men, and she won first move. This was the phase which their conversation assumed.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. K. P. two. | 1. K. P. two. |
| 2. K. B. P. two. | 2. P. takes P. |
| 3. K. Kt. to B. 3. | 3. K. Kt. P. two. |
| 4. K. B. to Q. B. 4. | 4. K. Kt: P. one. |
| 5. Kt. to K. 5. | 5. Q. checks. |
| 6. K. to K. B. | 6. Gambit P. one. |
| 7. Kt. takes K. B. P. | 7. Q. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 8. Q. P. two. | 8. B. to K. Kt. 2. |
| 9. Q. B. P. one. | 9. K. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 10. Kt. takes R. | 10. Q. P. two. |
| 11. P. takes P. | 11. Kt. to K. 5. |
| 12. Q. to K. | 12. K. Kt. P. one. |
| 13. B. to Q. 3. | 13. P. takes P. (ch.) |
| 14. K. takes P. | 14. Q. B. checks. |
| 15. K. to K. Kt. | 15. Kt. takes Q. P. |
| 16. Q. takes K. Kt. (ch.) | 16. Q. takes Q. |
| 17. B. takes Q. | 17. Mate. |

I cannot set down the colloquy between Mowbray and his fair antagonist in this same definite manner. There were less than seventeen moves in it. The gentleman on this occasion was checkmated. He discovered, what previously he had not understood,

that his power and purse and prestige were not omnipotent; that a young lady with no means of existence except as a governess or companion might refuse to be the wife of Mowbray the millionaire. It was a surprise to him. He did not understand it. He could not see the simple truth . . . that there are men and women to whom love is a reality, and marriage without it a thing both iniquitous and despicable. This was beyond Mowbray's intelligence.

He rose from the table at which he and Amy had been sitting, apparently examining a volume of foreign photographs. A clock on the mantelpiece struck eight. Terrell had just played his last move.

"You play a fine game, Mr. Terrell," said the old lady, her eyes full of fire.

"You compel me to put out all my strength, Miss Griffin," said the Bohemian barrister.

"I hope your friend, Mr. Mowbray, is as successful as you are," said Miss Griffin, looking mischievous.

"Mowbray succeeds in everything," replied Terrell, whose back was turned to his friend, and who therefore did not perceive that he was coming towards them with anything but a successful expression of countenance.

"It is getting late, Miss Griffin," said Mowbray, "and we have a long drive. Will you allow me to apologize for my intrusion, and to thank you for your great courtesy, and to wish you good evening?"

"No apology is needed, I assure you, Mr. Mowbray," she replied. "Apart from your being a friend of Miss Gray's, I have had much pleasure in seeing you here. I am a lonely old woman, and a visit like this is a delight to me. And to be thoroughly beaten at chess, as I have this evening, is a grati-

fication I don't often experience. I hope Mr. Terrell will some day give me my revenge."

Terrell expressed his willingness to do so, and the dog-cart was ordered round, and the two gentlemen started for the station.

"So that is not to be your future master, Miss Gray," said the old lady, with a somewhat wicked lustre in those bright eyes of hers. "I think you are right. He wouldn't be *my* hero, if I were as young as you."

Amy blushed, and was silent.

"I hope you've got a hero," pursued Miss Griffin. "But you needn't tell me anything about it, you know," she said, shaking her ivory claw at Amy. "I don't want your secrets, child. I can see there *is* a hero. We shall have *him* here next week."

* * * * * *

Meanwhile George Payne was driving the chestnut mare at a great rate across the

downs toward the railway. Mowbray sat moodily by his side, disgusted by his failure. Terrell, behind, smoked cigar after cigar, and attempted no conversation. They stopped at the "Flying Childers," for Payne declared that the mare must have some water: that celebrity of the turf, old Dick Grange, was smoking his evening pipe at Payne's establishment, and burst into enormous laughter when he heard the story of the tout and the opera-glass.

"Poor devil!" said Dick, turning the splendid Voigtlander round and round. "Why, I suppose he spent half a year's wages on that tool. Well, sir, we shan't have him here again till he can afford another one. Won't my lord be pleased!"

It may perchance be as well to mention at this point that the Bohemian barrister sent the glass to Lord Cheviot, with a note describing the way in which he had got pos-

session of it; and that the Earl, after a long interval of time—for he is a man slow to move—retaliated with a magnificent instrument of the same sort, mounted in alternate bands of gold and platinum, with a series of diamonds and rubies on each band. Terrell dare not take it to the Opera for fear of being garotted.

They reached the wretched little station half an hour before the last up train was due. Early though it was, the "Bell and Bottle" was shut up; and Terrell made an impromptu epigram, which he did not, you may be sure, communicate to Mowbray.

> "Early are country hours," the traveller said:
> "The bottle's empty, and the belle's in bed."

They had a carriage to themselves all the way to town—the train was third class, and stopped everywhere. By-and-by Mowbray referred to the day's adventure.

"That girl has made up her mind to have

Waynflete," he said. "She wouldn't listen to me. What's to be done?"

"If she slight me when I woo
I can scorn and let her go——"

said Terrell, indulging that habit of poetic quotation which Mowbray detested.

"Confound your poetry!" said Mowbray. "What's to be done? I don't want that priggish young aristocrat to have his own way so easily. Can't you suggest something?"

"Miss Pinnock," said Terrell, "is our best chance. She will do all she can to prevent Waynflete's communicating with Miss Gray. But how did that young lady receive you to-day?"

"She's a most independent little person, Terrell; and I like her all the better for it. But I'm afraid I've no chance with her. Now I know exactly what common sense would dictate: leave her alone, and let her be a marchioness if she gets the chance. But

then I don't believe she will. Those young noblemen are utterly unscrupulous—and it's absurd to suppose that Lord Wraysbury would let his son marry a governess. I think it would be a sin to let that little girl fall into his clutches."

The famous fable of the Dog in the Manger came into Terrell's mind; but he only said—

"Miss Pinnock is the only person who has any authority over Miss Gray. If you feel so strongly on the subject, I should recommend you to see her yourself, as early as possible. What do you say?"

"I will call on her to-morrow morning," replied Mowbray.

They got to town rather late. Mowbray went home in a hansom. Terrell, who always felt disinclined to go to bed after a day of adventure, strolled westward from the terminus, and eventually found his way

to the Chandos Club. The first man he met in that exclusive *locale* was Devil Branscombe—now, you know, a millionaire.

"The very man I want," said Branscombe. "I want supper, and some legal advice cheap. Come, what shall we have for supper? That's the first question."

"You want my opinion," answered Terrell gravely entering into the humour of the situation. "Let me think. Raw oysters, two dozen each: Chablis. Grilled oysters, one dozen each: Montrachet. Woodcocks, a brace each: Rœderer. Snipes, a dozen each: Château Yquem. Gruyère and celery: '47 port. Will that bill of fare suit you?"

"Admirably; we'll go in and make Prezensini attend to it himself. Afterwards, your legal advice."

"I shall be in capital humour to give advice after such a supper as that," said Terrell.

What legal advice Terrell gave Branscome after supper shall never be revealed by me. Let me follow Mowbray's hansom.

Care rode behind him. He bothered himself confoundedly. Somewhat thus he soliloquized :

"Well, I am to be baffled by this young lord. The girl would have liked me if she had not come across him. It's the title she cares about. That sort of thing goes a great way with women. I suppose I could get made a lord if I wanted to—but I've always had a contempt for such a nonsense. What's the good of a handle to one's name?

"Pshaw! I suppose Amy Gray thinks that Lady Waynflete sounds much better than Mrs. Mowbray. The Countess of Waynflete! Yes; and so she'll marry that whipper-snapper young lord.

"But she shan't if I can help it. And I don't believe he means honest marriage.

He'd have a sham parson, and ruin the poor girl. That's the way with your aristocrats. They think, because they came in with the Conqueror, they've a right to all our wives and daughters."

Disappointment and the dizzy motion of the hansom produced these ideas in Mowbray's brain. He was unusually absurd, it must be admitted.

His valet was waiting for him at Prince's Gate—and handed him a card inscribed . . .

LORD WAYNFLETE.

1001, *Albany.*

"The gentleman wants to see you very particular, sir, and will call first thing in the morning."

"I'll see Miss Pinnock first," said Mowbray to himself.

## CHAPTER V.

### ACCEPTED AT LAST.

I DON'T think Edward Mowbray slept well that night. He was greatly annoyed. He had made up his mind that Amy Gray would accept him at last—and the result of his visit to Wyvern Grange was an unpleasant and unexpected surprise. The effect produced upon his mind was very much what happens when a fragment of stone is thrown into a machine of rapid motion. He could not regain his equanimity.

He dismissed his servant, went up to his private room, opened a bottle of Champagne,

and sat down to meditate. What in the world could Lord Waynflete want of him? He certainly had no wish to see Lord Waynflete. This young fellow was always crossing his path in an objectionable manner. He could conceive of no possible reason for Lord Waynflete's calling on him. He would be denied to him altogether. He tried very hard to imagine a cause for this call upon him, but could hit upon nothing that resembled a satisfactory conjecture. So he finished his Champagne, and went to bed.

It was past midnight when he went to his room: but he awoke between five and six, after a night interrupted by dreams. The dim light of a London dawn was struggling through his window. His last dream had been of fighting a duel with Lord Waynflete upon Boulogne sands. Previously he had been dreaming of his lost daughter Ethel, in

some vague way which he could not now distinctly remember. There had been a vext vision, too, of Wyvern Grange—of Amy Gray, blushful yet decisive, in one corner of a large low room, while in another corner Miss Griffin, neither blushful nor decisive, held a red ivory chessman in a white ivory claw, and seemed to wonder where she should set it down. Worried by such ridiculous conceptions, Mowbray turned out at this unearthly hour, and left his house before any of his servants were astir.

The notion was in his brain that he must avoid Lord Waynflete till he had seen Miss Pinnock. So he started southward, resolved not to return to Prince's Gate until he had accomplished an interview with the lady. He walked in the early morning across Brompton, favourite haunt of actors and actresses, and saw the milkman with his

clattering cans enter their dusty gardens, and receive the welcome of flighty servant-girls with flyaway caps on their heads and brooms in their hands. He entered Fulham, where the look of things was more countrified, and where, within high walls, amid ornamental shrubs grown on perfect lawns, a good deal of pretty wickedness lay asleep. He walked onward, admiring the glimpses of garden beauty caught now and then through gates and railings, until he reached the villanous old bridge which crosses the river to Putney. Putney, by the way, is an odd corner of the world. There is a proverb about going thither on a pig which has never been thoroughly explained. Then there is the famous classic tetrastich:

Duo anima tinctores
Ibant ponere juxta,
Habere calceos suos
Þomines mortuos.

Then there are the quaint old houses of the place, each with a history, and several of them with ghosts. But of these things Mowbray knew nothing—and would have cared nothing about them had he known; he got to the middle of that hideous old abomination, Putney Bridge, a disgrace to our Pontifex Maximus whoever he may be, and looked over the ugly wooden parapet upon the Thames—and felt hungry. The idea of breakfast occurred to him.

Mowbray, you see, was not a Londoner. This city—this "great metrolopus," as somebody calls it—requires an education. Put me on Putney Bridge at an early hour of an autumnal morning, and I think I shall know where to find a good breakfast without asking hospitality from the Bishop of London, who might not feel disposed to entertain a vagrant poet.

Mowbray, however, did not know where

to find a breakfast. As he meditated hereon, he noticed a tall old gentleman, of somewhat foreign appearance, lounging like himself upon the bridge. He resolved to ask him where he could get what he wanted. The answer was much to the point, though it surprised the questioner.

"Mr. Mowbray, I believe," said the old gentleman. "I live not far from your splendid country seat—in a cottage, in fact, on the common there. I happen to be staying at the 'Star and Garter,' just across the river, and can assure you of a good breakfast. My name is Métivier."

The millionaire had scarcely before noticed our Hermit—but now he recognized him. Not particularly pleased was he at the recognition, for he remembered that Lord Waynflete was intimate with Métivier; but, having asked the old gentleman's advice on the great question of breakfast, he

could not well retreat from his position. So he accepted Métivier's guidance; and they were soon seated in one of those cosy little rooms overlooking the river.

How came Métivier on Putney Bridge at so early an hour of the morning? The question is natural; the answer is simple. There is a place called Doctors' Commons, invented apparently for the advantage of the Twisses and Phillimores; and to this awkward angle of London Métivier was drawn by his business as executor. But, as he hated living in town, he wisely took up his quarters at a suburban inn. Hence it happened that he was encountered on the bridge, inhaling the fresh air of Thames in order to get an appetite for breakfast.

Mowbray did not at all understand Métivier. There were two things which the millionaire could not appreciate in the Hermit; he was gentle and idle. Are not the

two inseparably connected? Is not idleness in the man who evidently ought to work hard for his living the result of his being the disinherited descendant of men who were wholly above work in the modern sense of that word? Nothing is more certain than that the highest examples of manhood would be degraded by the servile work which in these days is considered the whole duty of man. Man was made to be a master: modern theologies and philosophies teach him that his noblest function is to be a slave.

To be ignoble and busy; that is the modern creed. Upon it is built our whole superstructure of political economy. We adjust to suit it our notions of the past and our visions of the future. The career of a human being is like the prolongation of a curve; it all depends on the equation. Given an inch of ellipse or cycloid, and you can

describe the whole of it. Given an hour of a man's life, and an anthropometric seraph could calculate all that he ever has been and all that he ever will be.

Mowbray was not in at all an amiable mood, but he could not well show surliness to the man whose breakfast-table he had invaded. So they began to talk of many matters, political and social, on which Métivier expressed one or two opinions not at all in accordance with those popular at Manchester.

"Your views," said Mowbray, at last, "are not very practical."

"That is such an English adjective," said Métivier. "My views are ideal. I am simply a bystander. I mark what is moving in the world, but do not interfere. I look through a window on what passes in the street, and when I am tired pull down the blind."

"Not a very useful career, is it?"

"There is another English epithet. I am useful to myself, and I do not care to be of much use to any one else. You English have made your way in the world by adhering to your great doctrine of utility. You take broom in hand, every one of you, and go forth, and sweep the streets. *Merci.* I enjoy my walk all the more for your labours—but I have no inclination to handle the broom myself, and indeed there are enough of you without me."

"Well," said Mowbray, laughing, "I am glad you admit that we have done something with our brooms."

"O, you have done great things: there is no modern race whose achievements I so much admire. But you are like Samson after he was blind: you have vast strength, but don't know how to use it. The English people are unaware of the cause of their

own power, and use it aright by accident only."

"I do not quite see what you mean," observed Mowbray.

"Well, I will try to explain—though you will probably think me either a lunatic or an infidel. You English deem yourselves great by reason of your sordid practical utilitarian notions; whereas your real greatness comes from the poetical part of the national character. Shakespeare has done more for the English than any other man; yet you believe in Adam Smith and Stuart Mill—and you have no festival in Shakespeare's honour, though you celebrate a lot of heathen and Hebrew feasts. An Aryan race, you have adopted a Semitic religion, which makes you look very much like the jackdaw of Æsop drest in the feathers of a peacock."

"But what, then, is your religion, if I may venture to ask?"

"Mine. I am Catholic by birth. By reflexion, I am rather a favourer of the creed of the old Greek. I like Apollo. I like Aphrodite."

It occurred to Mowbray that Métivier was talking nonsense. Like Cobden, he preferred the *Times* to Thucydides, and the Irwell to the Ilissus: indeed, though trained in the worship of Gladstone, he began to doubt that statesman's sanity after a glance at the *Juventus Mundi*. Why should a Liberal politician bother himself with Lempriere's Dictionary?

"The best vocation for an Englishman forty years ago," said Métivier, after a pause, "was to be a railway engineer or contractor. The best vocation to-day is to be a church architect. Then you were mending your ways: now you are remoulding your religion. Hardly a quiet graveyard anywhere in which there is not the dust of a Church restoring or rebuilding. I met a

great church architect the other day; he was a grave silent man, as stately as an Archbishop; he looked as if the whole weight of your ecclesiastical fabric were on his shoulders. Churchmen believe that this immense activity will save the Great Establishment they love so well: they shut their eyes to the fact that one of themselves, Premier of England, is working away with his crowbar at the very foundation of the edifice. By the time all the parish churches are restored or rebuilt, will the parochial system continue to exist? I doubt it."

"So do I," quoth Mowbray, beginning to think that his companion might at least be sane on some points. "The nonconformists are growing very strong, both in numbers and position."

"The nonconformists are not the nation," said Métivier. "They are a heterogeneous mass of sects, held together by a negative

idea. In theology and politics negative ideas are fruitless; they are only valuable as being dissolvent. When the nonconformists have destroyed the Church their own functions will be over and they will cease to exist."

"Then what do you anticipate?" asked Mowbray.

"I don't pretend to prophesy," he replied. "You are a race full of surprises, full of contradictions. It is impossible to divine what may occur; you may have a great genius, political or social, who will transform you entirely. Such things have happened with you before. Some of your kings even have been great . . . which is rather a rarity for kings."

It will be observed that the Hermit, with all his garrulity, said no word to Mowbray about his daughter's discovery and arrival in England. He thought that this news

had better be brought by Lord Waynflete himself. What Mowbray might have done this day if he had been informed, it is impossible to say; probably he would not have called on Miss Pinnock in quite so much haste.

But, so soon as it seemed decent to make his intended call, he started in a hansom for the Orphan Institution. You may be quite sure that he was well received. Miss Pinnock had made up her mind that she should like to be Mrs. Mowbray, and also that such promotion was feasible. I wish I could depict the gracious dignity of her demeanour towards him. Some people are beyond all power of description; Miss Pinnock certainly is one.

Mowbray, to say the truth, though he had been eager for this interview with Miss Pinnock, could by no means decide on the instant what to say. His position was awk-

ward. What business had he interfering in Amy Gray's love-affairs? But the lady, as we know, was quite prepared to make things easy for the gentleman; and so their colloquy, commencing, I think, with the weather, diverged through various topics, and settled at last upon the little governess. Did her ears tingle, I wonder, down there at Wyvern Grange, that home of casuistry and chess? And what, I also wonder, would that subtle casuist, Miss Griffin, have said of the way in which Mowbray and Miss Pinnock intervened between Amy and Lord Waynflete?

"I am afraid," remarked the stately preceptress, after they had got on the great topic, "that Miss Gray has nothing but mortification to expect from her acquaintance with Lord Waynflete. Those young scions of the aristocracy are only too ready to disregard the great principles which govern society."

Mowbray, an advanced Liberal, highly approved this sentiment, and thought it was put in singularly eloquent language. He recognised in Miss Pinnock a superior woman.

"It is unfortunate," he replied, "that you cannot take measures to prevent their intercourse."

"It is very unfortunate. Of course, so long as the child—for really she *is* a mere child—was under my care, I could prohibit all communication with any person whom I disapproved. But when she takes a situation she achieves independence, for which it is evident that she is entirely unfit. I can do nothing but warn her of the peril of her position. I have written very strongly to her on the subject, and have received no reply—from which circumstance I infer that she is contumacious."

Polysyllables are cheap: Angelina Pin-

nock scattered them with regal munificence. As Mowbray listened, angry with that foolish little girl down in Berkshire who refused him, his admiration for the grand style in Miss Pinnock increased every moment. He could not help thinking that she would make a superb appearance at the head of his dinner-table, and that the style of her conversation would be commensurate with the splendour of his establishment. After all, might not this be better than to wed a little governess who didn't want him, and who would under no circumstances look magnificent?

"She is a mere child," pursues Angelina Pinnock, "and was always a very good girl, though not at all clever. Such children are so easily infatuated. I consider her much too young to marry—even if Lord Waynflete has honourable intentions, which I sincerely hope may be the case. If she were

still under my care, I should insist on her neither seeing him nor corresponding with him; but under the circumstances, you will perceive, Mr. Mowbray, that I am powerless."

This Mowbray did perceive. But he also perceived some other things—among them that Miss Pinnock was a singularly intelligent person, of an age more marriageable than Amy's, and with just the fine energetic disposition which would suit him in a partner.

"They'd laugh at me at Manchester," he reflected, "if I married the little governess. They couldn't laugh if I married Miss Pinnock."

And, as he said this to himself, he looked at the lady. He was sitting in an easy-chair in her private room—an elegant room enough for an Orphan Institute, with singularly learned-looking books on the shelves,

and a bust of Minerva above them, and one or two well-chosen prints of classic landscape on the walls. Yes, she certainly was a handsome woman. And how intelligent! Why, Dr. Johnson could not have talked finer English. These thoughts flash through a man's mind with curious celerity under certain circumstances. Miss Pinnock, sitting opposite him in a soft gray sheeny silk, seemed to Mowbray a delightfully attractive object. It hath been well said by somebody that hearts, like cricket-balls, are often caught on the rebound. Edward Mowbray, finding Amy Gray beyond his reach, suddenly resolved to try his fate with Angelina Pinnock.

The idea which thus matured itself in his brain moved more rapidly than my pen can move in tracing it. But its inception and development were manifest to Miss Pinnock, who had an instinctive and magnetic per-

ception of his purpose. She was prepared for his next remarks.

"Let us dismiss this young lady from our minds for the present, Miss Pinnock. I would gladly, having felt some interest in her, do anything in my power to save her from trouble. But there is a subject of far higher importance to me, on which I am anxious to speak to you, if you will kindly listen to me."

"I shall be glad to give my fullest attention to anything you have to remark, Mr. Mowbray."

"Well," he said, "it is simply this: During the short time of our acquaintance, Miss Pinnock, I have grown gradually more convinced of your high qualities; you are aware of the position which I hold in the world—may I venture to ask you to become my wife?"

At this crowning moment of her career

Miss Pinnock's genius did not desert her. She was even superior to the occasion.

"You do me very great honour, Mr. Mowbray," she replied. "It would be affectation on my part to deny that I have become impressed with the highest admiration for your character. I had indeed anticipated a life devoted to the work which I have hitherto carried on with some little success; but I hope that I may be even more useful in the lofty position to which you invite me."

O what a "nice derangement of epitaphs!" Did Edward rush into Angelina's arms after this blushful consent? I don't know. I suppose this Romeo and Juliet managed their little affair after the fashion natural to them; different people have different methods of settling their love-business.

> She half-inclosed me with her arms,
> She pressed me with a meek embrace,
> And, bending back her head, looked up,
> And gazed upon my face.

You would not, I hope, expect the severe and stately Angelina Pinnock to do anything so undignified as this. No, with a frou-frou of soft silk she arose from her seat, and moved in an undulating attitude towards Mowbray, who also rising extended his hand, and then . .

But really I must leave the remainder of the scene to the reader's imagination.

Mowbray returned to Prince's Gate in the hansom which had been waiting for him, and paid its driver in princely fashion. His absence had rather surprised his domestics, who were accustomed to great regularity on his part. His matutine meal had long been ready in the breakfast-room; the post had brought a heap of letters and papers; Lord Waynflete had called and left a note for him; Terrell was awaiting him on some matter of business. Such was the situation.

'Twas indeed by mere accident that Lord

Waynflete and Mowbray did not meet at the very door of the Orphan Institution. For Adrian, having according to his promise called at Prince's Gate, without issue, resolved to waste no more time on another man's affairs, especially as that other was not grateful. He was eager to find out Amy Gray, and to say certain momentous words to her. So he left a note for Mowbray; and then went straight to the Orphan Institute—where, as he had heard from Jack Johnson, Amy was to be addressed.

* * * * * *

Edward Mowbray, entering his breakfast-room, wished Terrell good morning, threw himself into his easy chair, and sat for a moment meditative. Then he said to the Bohemian barrister,

"Have you breakfasted?"

"Once," said Terrell. "If you'll let Saunders get me an anchovy on toast and a

bottle of Beaune, I shall be thankful."

"I'll join you in that," said Mowbray, whom his legal friend had weaned from the humdrum fashions of English breakfast. "I have something to tell you."

Terrell, prepared to listen, drank his wine meanwhile. Mowbray did not commence his communication. He turned over the pile of letters beside his plate, opening none of them. Then he took up Waynflete's note, and looked at superscription and seal, and threw it down again on the white damask.

"I wonder, Terrell, what Lord Waynflete can want of me. He called last night, and left word that he wished to see me early this morning. I have been away on business—and now I find a note from him. What can it mean?"

Terrell took up the note, which Mowbray had pushed over to him, and noted the crest,

the gardant lion, and the Horatian motto, marking the fact that among the early Waynfletes there were clerkly men, prelates and mitred abbots—and then said, half to himself,

"Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro."

"What is that supposed to mean?" asked Mowbray, impatiently.

"It is rather a prolix bit of ancient history to explain," said Terrell, "but the moral of it is—never despair."

"And that is Waynflete's motto, eh?"

"So it seems."

"Well, it is not a bad one. However, let us see what the young aristocrat has to say. After that, I have some news to tell you."

Mowbray opened his note. It was brief enough. It surprised him. He threw it across to Terrell, saying—

"Read that."

Yes, it was brief enough :—

"Lord Waynflete presents his compliments to Mr. Mowbray, and has to inform him that his daughter has been accidentally discovered in the company of some gipsies, in Spain. Miss Mowbray is now at Claridge's hotel, under the care of the Marchioness of Wraysbury, who will be happy to receive Mr. Mowbray."

"I was right, you see," said Terrell, more interested apparently in Ethel Evelyn's recovery than her father himself. "I was right—those gipsies stole the poor child. You will go to Claridge's at once, of course."

"Of course," echoed Mowbray. But his singularly meditative mood astonished Terrell, who was accustomed to see him prompt and decisive.

The truth is that Mowbray was reflecting on the change of position which his little girl's reappearance produced. He was de-

lighted—but then he was perplexed. Had he that morning been precipitate? Miss Pinnock would be a perfect stepmother, doubtless—in what position of life would she not command perfection? I can imagine her playing the *justissima noverca* admirably. Yet, odd as it may seen, Mowbray had his misgivings.

Some women are *too* good, you know. Mowbray thought of his little wild passionate Ethel, wilder and more passionate mayhap since her sojourn among the gipsies, under the serene and stately sway of Angelina Pinnock. Somehow, the notion did not please him. He remembered that this wild daughter of his had once been bewitched and tamed . . . he remembered by whom . . . Amy Gray.

Pshaw! He would forget that silly girl's existence.

But again, there was a practical change

of circumstance. A widower "without incumbrance" is, in the matrimonial market, as good as a bachelor; better indeed, since he has greater experience and sounder respectability. But a widower with children is a man with a fetter on his luckless leg.

Edward Mowbray did not feel half so proud of his conquest of Miss Pinnock, now that he was about to regain his daughter.

"Well," at length he said, "this is a surprise indeed. Poor little Ethel! She'll be a greater gipsy than ever. I wish anybody but Waynflete had found her. I must drive down to Brook Street at once."

He rang for his carriage.

"There is just time to tell you my news before I start," he said. "Or perhaps you are going eastward. Where shall I set you down?"

He had become reluctant to commence the narrative of that morning's achievement.

"I want to go to Piccadilly," said Terrell.

So they entered the open carriage in which our little heroine had taken so many drives with Miss Priscilla Cust. And, as they drove towards Hyde Park Corner, Mowbray astonished the Bohemian barrister—a man not easily amazed—by telling him how he had wooed and won his Angelina. Terrell, who, as we know, had a vile knack of wickedly appropriate quotation, could not help murmuring to himself a verse of Scottish ballad—

> "It's gude to be merry and wise,
> It's gude to be honest and true;
> And afore ye're off wi' the auld love,
> It's best to be on wi' the new."

Luckily he spake not aloud.

"Well, what do you think of it, Terrell?" asked Mowbray.

"I think," said the Bohemian, "that Miss Pinnock will grace the situation in which you are about to place her."

But he at the same time thought, privately, that he would a myriad times rather have the little governess himself. He craved to be set down at the corner of Dover Street —and watched Mowbray's carriage pass on and turn northward—and then walked into Hatchett's Hotel. That hostelry has a smoking-room, which overlooks London's most marvellous street; and the beverages and weeds are good, and Terrell thought he would pass an hour there and reflect on all which he had that morning heard.

I like Piccadilly. What saith the rhymer?

"All classes your purlieus of pleasure enrich:
There's the millionaire's mansion, the Sybarite's niche.
Here Croesus a marvellous palace erects—
Here Martial has rooms, and his neighbour dissects;
Here Isabel comes, on her pretty brown filly,
Throwing sunshine around 'mid your shade, Piccadilly."

Terrell lit his cigar, and sipped his tall goblet, and watched the changeful crowd without, and saw the Brighton coach fill

with passengers, and the patrician whip gather up his ribbons, and heard the guard sound a cheery farewell upon his bugle, and all the time half unconsciously turned over in his mind the odd position of affairs.

Mowbray, the wise and weighty Mowbray, proposing one day to a little pauper governess beloved by Lord Waynflete, whom he detested—refused by her, and next day proposing to her preceptress, who more sagaciously accepted him—and then within an hour having to receive his recovered daughter from the hands of his successful rival.

"Odd, very!" thought Terrell.

Meanwhile Edward Mowbray had reached Claridge's, and been shown in to the Marchioness of Wraysbury.

## CHAPTER VI.

"THERE WAS ONCE A KING OF BOHEMIA."

BOHEMIA! Ay, it is a pleasant region. Perdita is queen there, doubtless,—"queen of curds and cream,"—queen of lobster-salad and iced Champagne. Autolycus sings his ballads there, when "comes in the sweet o' the year." It is the gayest thirstiest laziest least opulent realm in Europe. It hath many troubadours and few financiers. Its atmosphere breathes youth; there is abundant ozone in the ether which surrounds it. That newly discovered metal, rubidium, which exists in tobacco and the grape, is Bohemia's favourite currency. Tall are the goblets of

this famous kingdom; merry are its songs; variable its hours of breakfast and of supper. The Bohemian race love midnight and the short hours, and have a strong distaste for those habits of early rising which bring a man abroad before the world is thoroughly aired.

We have all felt the Bohemian instinct. The most respectable of elderly gentlemen, punctual as to his dinner-hour and proud of his unquestionable port, can remember the time when the vagrant and irregular tendency was strong upon him. Not always had he "two gowns, and everything handsome about him." Not always did he read speeches on the Budget, or calculate on saving some hundreds a year by twopence of income-tax remitted, or rise in rebellion against the gross tyranny of a Government which desires to put down the City police. Now, at his decorous breakfast-table, he

turns to the monetary article of his morning paper before anything else; and one can imagine how shocked he would be if a tankard of bitter ale were placed before him at that period. It was otherwise with him in the consulate of Plancus, but he cares little now for Neæra, whose bright hair is odorous of myrrh. Leave him in peace; let him get quietly down to the City, whether in his brougham, or in the respectable paterfamilias 'bus; awaken not his reminiscences of the time when he also was a Bohemian.

Our friend the Bohemian barrister was not precisely of the Parisian type. He was not a Bohemian either through morbid physique or shallow intellect; rather through having no sufficient avenue for the development of his physical and mental faculties. This indeed is the usual *raison d'être* of the English Bohemian. An excess of vitality is the disqualifying influence. He is too vigor-

ous to run in a groove. He has to sow his wild oats. And this England is so respectable a country that anything irregular seems at once disreputable. The fact, however, remains that the greatest English statesmen and judges have got very drunk and run very much in debt. Highly improper, no doubt, but the man who cannot test to the uttermost impecuniosity and alcohol is singularly unfit for life in England.

The foreign Bohemian is generally weak; the English Bohemian is generally strong—wild with excess of strength. Do you remember how Lavengro first reached London with little money and a trunk full of poetry? Weary with wandering through the streets, he entered the coffee-room of an hotel, and called for claret. His reflexions over his wine are suggestive. "Here I was now with my claret before me, perusing perhaps the best of all the London journals—it was not

the *Times*—and I was astonished; an entirely new field of literature appeared to be opened to my view. It was a discovery, but, I confess, rather an unpleasant one; for I said to myself, 'If literary talent is so common in London that the journals—things which, as their very name denotes, are ephemeral—are written in a style like the article I have been perusing, how can I hope to distinguish myself in this big town, when, for the life of me, I don't think I could write anything half so clever as what I have been reading?' . . . Whereupon (viz. upon a glass of claret) I resumed the newspaper; and as I was before struck with the fluency of style and the general talent which it displayed, I was now equally so with its *Commonplaceness* and want of originality on every subject; and it was evident to me that, whatever advantages these newspaper-writers might have over me in some points, they had never studied the

Welsh bards, translated Kæmpe Viser, or been under the pupilage of Mr. Petulengro and Tawno Chickno." How true this is! To the practised London writer a leading-article presents much the same aspect which a problem presents to a Cambridge mathematician. Given that there is to be an article in the *Times* to-morrow on anything you please, there are a few hundred men who could write it down beforehand almost verbatim. Given that the *Saturday Review* is to contain an essay to "Maiden Aunts," or on "Spurgeon's Last Sensation," and there are a couple of dozen gentlemen (and rather more ladies) who would previously produce the thing with startling accuracy. It is almost a matter of calculation. Every day a certain number of ideas float in the intellectual atmosphere of London, much as the particles of soot float in its physical atmosphere; and it is impossible to mingle in any set

or clique without being impregnated with those ideas. A man must be very original to throw off the influences of a mighty metropolis. But this rapid changeful brilliant mental tournament is not the real war of brain. These marvellously clever articles do not belong to the men who write them : they are the work of the whole City. The journalist is scarcely less a machine than the pen which he uses ; he catches the caprice of the hour, and sets it down in the stereotyped style of the leading papers. Well thought Lavengro that to have translated Welsh ballads and cronied with Romany Chals was no preparation for work like this. But will it not enable a man to do better work? The motto of London literary life might well be Burke's famous ejaculation, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

As a rule, the Bohemians of England are

rebels against *Commonplace*. Terrell was, absolutely. He was an original and inventive man, and he hated the idea of ordinary work. Hence, although men whom he had easily left behind in his University career were now in the House of Peers and on the benches of Her Majesty's Courts, he still dwelt in a lower region. It was not likely that any miraculous influence from above would raise him higher. A man is what he makes himself. He is ruled by his preferences. Terrell had no ambitions worth mentioning, and his ruling idea was to enjoy life and to laugh at his fellow-creatures.

Not being made for a thorough Bohemian —not having that absolute contempt for all the elements of respectability and comfort which is a necessary qualification for the citizenship of Prague—Terrell often fancied that possibly he had made a mistake. It would have been so confoundedly easy to

have been Lord Chancellor by this time. The present man had no particular qualification, except an intimate knowledge of Watt's Hymns . . . which, after all, was not strictly legal science. Sometimes this notion clung to him, and worried him abominably; and one afternoon, when the fit was upon him, he resolved to rush away from the Temple—a scene suggestive of torture. He caught the headlong hansom, got to Paddington at five, got to Skindle's at Maidenhead just in time for a paddle before dinner.

The courteous and assiduous Skindle treated him well—that is to say, he iced his brandy and seltzer, and did not put too much brandy in it. As our Bohemian friend was washing the railway dust from his throat, behold there was his old acquaintance, Ponsonby . . . epigrammatist, yet not Bohemian. There are worse themes for epigrams than Maidenhead. "I have been there, and still

would go." Everywhere on the Thames, which river I know from Lechlade to the Nore—a remark, by the way, which I have made before somewhere—there are pleasant roadside inns, situate for the most part in picturesque corners. My friend, Mr. Coleridge, author of *Christabel* and *The Ancient Mariner*, was wont to say that the career of Bacchus in India would be a great theme for an epic poem. Possibly: but my own opinion is that a finer theme would be an Englishman on the Thames. It is a grand field for a great poet; but one can't find a great poet on Maidenhead Bridge every day.

"Odd," says Ponsonby, "that you and I should meet here. Are you with a party?"

"No," replied Terrell, sulkily; "but you are, of course. Don't let me interfere with your arrangements."

"By Jove," said the poet, laughing, "do

you know, Terrell, that you and I are suffering from the same disease. We're both rather savage with everybody. I am, I swear; and it strikes me you're in precisely the same condition. I'm alone down here —you're alone down here, I'm sure—let us spend the day together, and see what sort of a dinner Skindle can give us by way of reward for having bored one another infernally."

Well, these two widely-different men did their Thames in company. Then they dined together. Then they talked, in a bow-windowed room that overlooked the river running between lawny margins, with a glass of light wine to exhilarate them. They sat somewhat silent, after much facile and felicitous colloquy, over their last bottle. But, after a wordless time, as the full moon rose to the zenith, a shield of silver, suddenly Ponsonby said—

"Terrell, my dear boy, why do you waste your life so absurdly?"

"What do you mean?" says Terrell.

"Simply this. I hear on all hands, from the best judges in England, that you are a complete master of the law. I hear that if you had only chosen to go straight you might have been on the Woolsack before now. Why do you let a set of duffers get ahead of you? Why don't you do what everybody declares you can do if you like?"

"You villain!" exclaimed the Bohemian savagely. "Have you entrapped me here to ask me unpleasant questions? Suppose I turn upon you. You call yourself a poet. Why have you not the pathos of Tennyson, the sublimity of Tupper? Why don't your epigrams reach the popularity of the *Holy Grail* and the *Proverbial Philosophy?* Why? . . . but shall I tell you?"

"Tell me what you like," quoth Ponsonby, sipping his Montrachet.

"This, my dear friend," replies the Bohemian, laughing as he lectures. "You and I are of the same temperament. An epigram of yours brings you a cool thousand . . . and cheap at the price; an opinion of mine is sometimes worth a small sum of money. Neither your epigram nor my opinion takes very long to produce; and we have plenty of time to amuse ourselves. What do you say?"

"I say you are wise," replied Ponsonby. "But what is the use of such wisdom in a world in which a thousand a year is genteel poverty of the lowest type? I am a bachelor . . . I live in other men's houses . . . I pay for nothing except clothes and cigars. Suppose I wanted to marry. One can't live on epigrams. And to take a little girl with a lot of money—though many of them are in-

fatuated about me—would be unfair. I couldn't marry on false pretences. So I shall go on writing little lyrics to the end of my brain, and end my days in some sort of aristocratic almshouse. But you were meant for better things."

"I don't know about that," said Terrell. "You don't understand yourself, so I can't expect you to understand me. Let's see if old Skindle has got a respectable glass of port."

The port arrived, and was good, and the subject changed. But when Terrell got to his room, and lighted his final weed, he pondered Ponsonby's remarks. And he arrived at the decision that the epigrammatist was not altogether wrong.

"What a fool I have been in my time!" soliloquized the Bohemian; "why the deuce didn't I marry Marion Harris or Julia Green-

land or Caroline England or Lily Brock or Margaret Carey or Margaret Durand or Gertrude Rolle or Helena Muggeridge or Ella Ezsenbach or Agnes Tandy or Edith Payne or Cecilia Saffery or Arabella Brown or——"

The Bohemian barrister probably coupled the Christian names and surnames of the young ladies not quite regularly. But he was in a humour of reckless reminiscence. To many of us it seems that past opportunities were neglected only because we were not in the humour to seize them: but in very truth it was want of courage—and if the same chance came again, again we should lose it. "The world is mine oyster," quoth Pistol: good—but how few people know how to open oysters! They did it for me with a hatchet once, at the best fish-shop in Maidenhead.

Yet Terrell's colloquy with Ponsonby had its result. "That fellow has a contempt for me," meditated the Bohemian. "Why? I have twice his brain. I can make money twice as fast—which is the great test of intellect in these times. But he can do nothing better than he is now doing, while he has brains enough to see that I can do something infinitely better than what I am doing at present. Shall I learn a lesson from him? I suppose one may learn something now and then from inferior animals."

Happy for Ponsonby the poet (who really is not at all an inferior animal) that he did not overhear this soliloquy. The poet was puzzled next morning when, Terrell not appearing at breakfast, he learnt from the waiter that the Bohemian had gone to town by the first train.

"Odd fish!" reflected the epigrammatist, as he ate his trout. "Gone to look after

the Woolsack, on my recommendation, probably."

He was not so far wrong. Terrell left Maidenhead and Bohemia by the same train.

## CHAPTER VII.

### AT LADY MACBETH'S.

I HOPE my readers have not entirely forgotten Marigold, although it must be admitted that the young lady in question seriously forgot herself. When she reflected on her folly she grew greatly ashamed of herself, and was quite glad when the time arrived for her to leave Mere Court, and return to the tranquil and frigid establishment over which Lady Macbeth presided, with a dignity that surpassed even that of Miss Angelina Pinnock. Milton House was an aristocratic domicile. Lady Macbeth received only six young ladies, all of the first family: it was said (but that may have been

a joke) that she would not admit a pupil without a certificate from the Heralds' College. If so, it brought a little additional business to that drowsy old group of offices which crumbles slowly away on the dingy side of Bennet's Hill.

Marigold returned to Milton House, and for a long time sulked. As I have said, the girls of the patrician seminary were all a good deal younger than herself, and were apt to despise her for being kept at school at so advanced an age. When small boys tease a big one, he can punch their heads, or kick them, or otherwise administer physical punishment; but I am given to understand that this sort of thing is not practised by the opposite sex. So Marigold had no resource but to sulk alone, and to treat with dignified contempt the five little girls who giggled at her misfortunes.

However, an unexpected circumstance

brought her consolation. Lady Macbeth suddenly accepted an "articled pupil"—a young person who, in return for food and a little instruction, was to combine the functions of a teacher and a lady's-maid. Philippa Crocombe, the new-comer in this unsatisfactory position, was a girl of nineteen, not at all pretty, but with a curious brisk intelligent expression lighting up a rather dark countenance. She accepted her situation at Milton House with cheerful alacrity; kept the little girls in order by some magical method; and soon conquered Marigold's sullenness, won her confidence, and lectured her as wisely as if she were ten years her senior. In knowledge of the world she *was* full ten years her senior; for Philippa was the sole child of a brilliant but idle painter, who could coin gold so easily with his brush that he could seldom induce himself to work at all. Carew Crocombe's wants were few

—give him claret and cigars, and he possessed "riches fineless." His daughter Philippa, left motherless in her infancy, became her father's plaything, and got most of her education in his studio. He lived in an old-fashioned Chelsea house, with lofty pannelled rooms, and the river flowing lazily in front—a few clipt horse-chestnuts shielding the windows from the summer glare. In delightful discomfort he lived, amid many of the lighter luxuries of existence, but with a rather scanty supply of what most people deem the necessaries. The matutinal milk was sometimes deficient, but there was always a flask of maraschino to be found. I doubt whether there was a Bible in the house, but you may rely on it there was a copy of Rabelais. Philippa had made acquaintance with Pantagruel and Panurge before she knew anything about David and Jonathan.

Carew Crocombe was a man of infinite information, and he had a great number of friends and acquaintances. He was always at home on Sunday. On that day the Chelsea rooms were crowded with pleasant people of various types; and Philippa, sitting on a stool at her father's feet, in a bay-window overlooking the river, while a cigar-box and bottles of light wine stood on a small table for the refreshment of himself and his guests, heard a good many suggestive conversations which strangely stimulated her intellect. Hers was an agile mind, and she caught more from these colloquies than might be expected. Moreover, she eagerly read all the books she could find in her father's house—and they were a curiously miscellaneous collection.

The Viscountess Drum, an eccentric and wealthy old lady, with a fancy for artists and poets (though for art and poetry she cared

nothing), professed herself horror-stricken one Sunday morning to find that Philippa Crocombe never went to church. She determined to take her ; but her first difficulty was that no dress or bonnet could be produced fit for so serious an occasion. The child, who was then about twelve, was wont to dress herself fantastically—something between Cupid and a ballet-girl, Lady Drum declared. However, she was made presentable, and gradually civilized a little—and there is reason to believe that ultimately she was catechised and confirmed.

When Philippa was about eighteen, her father died—leaving an inconsiderable balance at his bankers', and two or three pictures which sold for a few hundred pounds. Then the Viscountess Drum took her *protégée* in hand : seeing her obvious need of education, she proposed the articled pupil scheme. Philippa, cheerful and adventu-

rous, accepted the proposal: hence do we meet her at Milton House, of which establishment Lady Drum was among the august patronesses. Lady Macbeth professed to be rather shocked at the antecedents of her articled pupil; but she dared not disoblige the Viscountess, and so Philippa Crocombe was settled for three years.

She filled her niche admirably. She had that pleasant temper, eagerly unselfish, which delights in doing anything to oblige anybody. She fetched and carried for Lady Macbeth, and never grumbled; and when the servants were impertinent, as servants are apt to be to persons in undefined positions, there was a resolute dignity in her way of treating them which effectually prevented them from wishing to do the same again. Then as to the little girls, who were of course ready to be refractory, and who worried poor Marigold just as a swarm of

flies annoy a heifer (if I may be permitted the comparison) Philippa Crocombe had a power of sharp swift repartee which soon brought them into order. She had a keen eye for the weak points of others, and could say a stinging word or two that punished more than the lash of a whip. The little monkeys in petticoats soon grew afraid of her—whereby there was profit to Marigold.

Miss Delamere was grateful, and in due time became confidential—confessing to Philippa her dissatisfaction with the state of affairs, and even her conduct to Lord Waynflete. When this confession was made it was late spring, and the two girls were walking under a row of noble plane trees which glorified the field behind Milton House. The younger members of the party were laughing over a game of *les Graces*. Marigold and Philippa, as a matter of course, had their arms around each other's waists.

When ivy or vine or that scandent plant of the Polemoniacaee which, coming from Mexico to Madrid, was named after Cobo by Cavanilles, and whose purple blooms have an odour which all ladies ought to like, can find nothing else for their tendrils to clutch, those tendrils clutch one another. It is very much the same with girls.

"How foolish you are!" exclaimed Philippa, when her companion had finished her narrative. "You ought to be served like Biancafiore—O no, it was Florio—in Boccaccio's story."

"Now you are laughing at me," interposed Marigold, half sulkily. "You know I have read none of those tales. I wish I hadn't told you what I have."

Philippa only laughed at her more.

"You are a lucky girl," she said. "Your cousin Hugh is a fine fellow, you admit; and he longs to marry you; and every-

thing is made easy for you both. What more can you want?"

"But what can I do about Lord Waynflete?"

"*Do!* Why, nothing. Lord Waynflete, you tell me, is a gentleman. That being so, you may be sure he will never say a word of what has happened so as to injure you. It was very foolish of you, I know; but little girls ought not to be allowed too much Champagne at dinner."

"There—you are laughing at me again—it is very unkind of you. I am not a little girl, and I don't believe I drank a drop of Champagne that night."

"Well, I won't laugh at you again. I only do it because you are taking things so much too seriously. What is your trouble? That your papa keeps you so long at school. Well, you can easily escape from that annoyance."

"It has not been half so hard since you came, dear Philippa."

"Very likely not," returned that young lady; "but you don't seem to consider how hard it is for me. You make your own troubles; mine are made for me."

"Oh, I know I am dreadfully selfish!" exclaimed Miss Delamere, "but then I have never had anybody to give me any advice. You always seem to know by instinct exactly the right thing to do."

"Shall I tell you the right thing to do?"

"Yes, do, please."

"Write at once to your father. Tell him you think you have been here quite long enough, and that you wish to know when your marriage with your cousin is to take place. Tell him that of course his business at Petersburg is intensely important, but that you think his daughter's marriage ought to be almost as important."

"Would you advise me to write like that?"

"Of course I would. In the midst of his affairs at Petersburg, where he is a very great man indeed, he forgets you pining away at Kensington, in the moated grange of a fashionable boarding-school. Tell him that, if he is so terribly engaged in preventing the Russian Empire from being shaken to its foundations that he can't come home to England at present, you would like to come out to him—and that you know an intelligent young person who would come with you as a companion."

"Would you come, really? Oh, but Russia is such a dreadful place. It is so cold—and I have read somewhere or other that they whip ladies at St. Petersburg."

"Well, dear, that might do you good. My father used to say that it was worth while to go there for three things—tea and

Champagne and fresh caviar. But if you write as I tell you, the cruel papa won't drag you out there; he'll remember his duty, and come home in a great hurry, and there'll be a grand marriage in Hanover Square."

"O, but I don't like Hugh. I don't think I *could* marry Hugh."

"What nonsense! Why, from your own account he is one of the best fellows that ever lived. Marry him, child, and you'll have an obedient husband—which is the second best kind of husband to have."

"The *second* best! Then which do you call the very best?"

"Why, a husband who is your master and your friend—and yet is neither one nor the other, but of whom you are a part—with a will of your own, which rebels sometimes but which somehow or other seems to be a part of his will."

"O dear me," said Marigold, "I can't understand all that. But I'll write the letter to papa, as you tell me. And I won't show it to Lady Macbeth . . . And now, what shall we do?"

Just then tripped up a little maiden of eight, in a pink frock much furbelowed, with hair flowing over her shoulders like a cataract, and shiny shapely legs set off by the snowy frills that reached her knees.

"O, Miss Crocombe!" she exclaimed—"O, Miss Delamere! Do come and play croquet."

"Of course we will, child," quoth Philippa.

But croquet without curates (for whose innocent delectation a merciful Providence supplied it) must surely be slow.

## CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH ADRIAN CALLS ON MISS PINNOCK.

"PERHAPS I shall find her here."

O, that delicious *perhaps!* Reader, if you have not known the bitter-sweet delight of such uncertainty, you have not lived. Adrian, having made two ineffectual attempts to find Mowbray, and being excusably eager to attend to his own affairs, had left Ethel Evelyn for the Marchioness to hand over to her fond papa. In order to omit no link in my narrative catenation, I may state that when Lord Waynflete and his charge arrived at Ashridge Manor, it it was decided that, Mr. Mowbray being in

London, they should take his daughter there on the following day. This, as we know, was the day of Mowbray's vain expedition to Wyvern Grange. So Adrian lost a day in the prosecution of his love-affair; and, had he known what Mowbray was about at the time, I guess he would have been uncommonly angry. He somewhat Quixotically thought it his duty to restore Ethel Evelyn to her father before attending to his own business; but this same Quixotism did not last when Mowbray proved so difficult to find.

He drove down to the Orphan Institute—and, when he arrived, looked with some disgust at the hideous brick edifice of Doric architecture in which his Amy had endured so long an imprisonment in her childhood. His Amy! Yes, that was precisely the way in which Lord Waynflete thought of the little governess. He had made up his mind

that discomfiture was impossible? 'Tis a pleasant state to arrive at, only assuming that discomfiture does not come, after all.

Gaily he sprang out of his cab, and rang the huge bell at the portal, thinking all the while that perchance he was close upon Amy . . . that in two minutes he might see her watchet eyes brighten, and her young face flush with delight and surprise. A burly porter opened the door, to whose dull perception there was something strange and startling about the new-comer. It was not merely his fine insouciant aristocratic air; though that, natural to Adrian, is very rare in this servile and sordid world. But there was the purple light of love in Adrian's eye; there was a fine faith in the future, a high delight of expectation, in his alert movement. You know, he thought Amy Gray might perhaps be near him.

But no. We who are better informed, are

aware that he will have to encounter Miss Pinnock. That lady was at the very summit of stateliness combined with grace—for was she not now Mrs. Mowbray . . . or nearly so? She was quite in the humour to patronize Lord Waynflete—who, however, was in no humour to be patronized. She was (or said she was) delighted to have the honour of making his acquaintance: he felt no such delight—indeed, was disposed to detest the woman, as interposing for a moment between himself and Amy Gray.

"Can you oblige me," he asked, coming straight to the point, "with Miss Gray's address?"

"Well, really, my lord," said the conscientious preceptress, who did not forget that she had intercepted his letter, and who rather wished she hadn't, "I hardly know what I ought to say. Miss Gray, you will observe, is in a somewhat delicate position: quite a

young person, thrown upon the world without parents or guardians, with no one indeed to exercise authority over her except myself. Pardon me, my lord, if I inquire with what object you desire to communicate with Miss Gray. My solicitude for her temporal and eternal welfare prompts me to make the inquiry."

Adrian hardly knew whether to laugh or be indignant. In Angelina Pinnock he beheld a *species feminae* quite strange to him. He said—

"Your solicitude does you honour, Madam. As you seem to take almost maternal interest in the young lady, I may as well say at once that I want to see her in order to ask her to be my wife."

That word *maternal* "riled" Miss Pinnock. She had felt statelier since Mowbray's offer—but she had also felt younger. She also—although, mind you, she was an ad-

vanced Liberal—felt absurdly annoyed that this little governess, in every way immeasurably her inferior, was likely to become a peeress. How is one to explain such weakness in the immaculate Angelina?

"She is quite a child, my lord," she responded. "I really think that what you propose is, to say the very least, premature. A few years hence, I venture to suggest, the question might be put to her with greater propriety. I am by no means an advocate for extremely early matrimonial engagements."

Adrian wox angry, as Mr. Keats would have said. However, he replied with much serenity,

"If Miss Gray is quite a child, she ought not to be a governess. She is obliged to earn her own living—and that is a process which hastens maturity. It is moreover a thing that in a perfectly civilized country

no woman would be compelled to do."

"May I ask why not?"

"Because all women of our race should be ladies—not slaves. But I cannot argue with you now, Miss Pinnock. I suppose I have the best right to influence Miss Gray's career—since she will be my wife."

"I thought you had yet to ask her the question?" said Miss Pinnock.

"It is a question," replied Adrian, "which no man should ask unless he is certain what the answer will be?"

"And you are certain?"

"Yes. I am certain. But, excuse my impatience. Will you kindly give me the address?"

"I scarcely know what is my duty, under the circumstances."

"O but *I* know," said Adrian. "See, Miss Pinnock—if from those delicate scruples which influence your conduct you are in-

duced to refuse Miss Gray's address, what will be the result? I shall have to employ a detective, and to advertise for her in the agony column of the *Times*. What an absurd waste of time and money! By the way, very likely Mowbray may know where she is—and I have to see him on a matter of importance."

"Mr. Mowbray, the Member for Rothcastle? You know him?"

"Yes, in a way. Perhaps you have heard that the gipsies stole his daughter some time ago? I found her—in Spain; she was walking on stilts, and playing a tambourine."

Miss Pinnock was stricken dumb. Her future step-daughter . . . on stilts, with a tambourine! Appalling idea! What manner of young person would this be to manage? She remembered how poor little Amy had found her beyond her power—and what advice she had given the perplexed

governess. Now, of course, the passionate imp would be a hundred times worse. To marry a millionaire was a divine prospect—but how if he has a *diablesse* of a daughter? Such thoughts passed rapidly through the mind of the preceptress, but she did not betray them to Lord Waynflete. They made her rather eager to get rid of him, and think over the new aspect of affairs. So she said,

"Really: how very curious! Well, Lord Waynflete, as I perceive that you have fully made up your mind in reference to Miss Gray, I will not compel you to take eccentric means for her discovery. She is at present acting as companion to a Miss Griffin, of Wyvern Grange, near Wantage."

"Thank you, Miss Pinnock," said Adrian, at once rising. "I wish you good morning."

And off he went, leaving the lady to digest the unexpected piece of information which he had accidentally given her. I

fear—I really do fear—that she rather regretted that she should have to appear in the character of a stepmother. But who shall doubt her success in that *rôle?*

Arrived at Claridge's, he found that Mowbray was still with the Marchioness. His father was out. He scribbled a note for him, to say that he was going out of town for the night, and was just leaving the hotel when he encountered Métivier, who was about to call before returning to his Hut.

"Whither now in such haste?" asked the Hermit.

"On a love chase," said Adrian. "I am going down into Berkshire to find a certain young lady."

"Ah, I see: what part of Berkshire?"

Adrian explained.

"Curious. I know Miss Griffin. I have been at Wyvern Grange. Will you take me with you?"

"Of course I will, with pleasure."

"Then let me give you some advice. It is a lonely place, miles away from the nearest station—which is a wretched place where you can't get a conveyance. I know this, by unhappy experience. Our best plan is to go down to Reading, sleep there to-night, and take post-horses across country early in the morning."

Lord Waynflete was in no humour for delay: he had hoped to find Amy that very evening at the latest. But Métivier convinced him that this was the best way to manage; so between four and five they found themselves at Paddington, and a couple of hours later they were drinking a good glass of Pontin's port in the capital of Berkshire—where John Bunyan, in days of persecution, came to preach disguised as a waggoner—where Coleridge was discovered as a private of cavalry under the name of

Silas Tomkin Comberbatch.

> At Reading, too, when trial was warmest,
> Bunyan, that sturdy Nonconformist,
> Whose *Pilgrim's Progress* is the raptest
> Of books, came preaching at the Baptist
> Chapel in the frock of a wagoner.
> Time passes : lo, who draws his flagon here ?
> Who, in a taproom vowed to Bacchus,
> Lovingly reads Horatius Flaccus ?
> How came that queer fish to arrive at
> The level of a cavalry private—
> Who shall in magic irresistible
> Hereafter clothe the tale of *Christabel*,
> And make his *Ancient Mariner's* glistening
> Eye compel the world to listening ?

"Excellent port," quoth the Hermit, looking at the violet sparks in the fuscous fluid. "What odd towns you have in England! The people here are all democrats and dissenters, yet it is the birthplace of the great Archbishop Laud."

Métivier's topical knowledge was matter of amazement. Of course he knew the stories of the afore-mentioned prophet and poet.

"Which would you prefer?" he asked

Adrian, who was not brilliantly colloquial—"to have heard the author of *The Pilgrim's Progress* preach or the author of *Christabel* converse."

"Well, to say the truth, I have never read Bunyan's allegory—and as to Coleridge, weren't his conversations much like sermons?"

"They were both inspired men," said Métivier. "I like Bunyan's *Holy War* better than his other book. I could have heard that man preach . . . *once*."

"Ah, I know you are no lover of sermons. But they are a great and permanent institution, you know."

"It appears to me," said the Hermit, "that preachers in these days ought to be women. The ladies are all in an effervescent state, wondering what they can find to do. Let them preach, I say. I would listen. Indeed I would make auricular

confession if it were to a priestess instead of a priest."

"And is there anything else you would have them do?" asked Adrian.

"Many things. Above all, I would fill the thrones of all the world with them. Invert that Salic Law, once necessary, now an anachronism. Down with the Kings! These are the days for Queens. Once monarchs had to think and fight; now they have only to be good-looking and set the fashion. I would have none but Queens, and they should abdicate at thirty-five, in favour of their eldest daughters."

"What a bizarre notion!" said Adrian.

"It is reasonable, and will be carried out. I am old enough to remember when you had male ballet-dancers on the stage. What would you say now to such a hideous and ludicrous exhibition? Well, a male monarch is quite as laughable and disagree

able an absurdity. Who cares to see a man, with capacity for some sort of mental or physical work, placed on an elevation to smirk and look pretty and spend money? It produces the kind of monarch whom the poet describes:

> A noble nasty course he ran,
> Superbly filthy and fastidious;
> He was the world's first gentleman,
> And made the appellation hideous.

But take the nicest royal girl you can find, educate her, idealize her, mould her into something pure as Artemis, wise as Athena, fascinating as Aphrodite, and make her your Queen. She has nothing to do but reign in the affections of her subjects, as the newspapers put it. The world's business will be done by men elsewhere, and need never ruffle her serenity. You know Homer's description of Olympus:

> *οὔτ' ἀνέμοισι τινάσσεται οὔτε ποτ' ὄμβρῳ*
> *δεύεται οὔτε χιὼν ἐπιπίλναται, ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἴθρη*
> *πέπταται ἀνέφελος, λευκὴ δ' ἐπιδέδρομεν αἴγλη.*

Place the Lady of the Land in such sublime serenity—a being to be worshipped—and fight your fierce gross political battles at a lower level."

"Your theory is not at all a bad one," said Adrian, "and when you begin to quote Greek you are invincible. I believe Homer is your Bible, O Pagan!"

"Do you want me to confess, and be burnt in Reading Market-place, with all the orthodox seedsmen and biscuitmakers looking on? Thank you, my friend. If I should live to see England a free country, which is highly improbable, I will proclaim my opinions."

"So you don't think England a free country at present?"

"Well—do you? It is the one country in which no man dare call his soul his own, or act according to his own conscience without an apology. Why, only this day I saw

in your *Times* an apology from a pious nobleman, who has for tenant a great trainer of race-horses. It will be quite appreciated; it says, in a rather circuitous way, *racing is wicked but rent is good.*"

"Cynic! I'll reason with you no longer. We must be early to-morrow, so I shall go to bed."

"Ah, you English have not yet learnt the use of night. If I were to go forth into the streets of this provincial town, I should encounter nothing but drunken persons and the police. Respectability is in bed, having said its prayers, snoring. I can never sleep above four hours, so I shall amuse myself with some mathematical speculations while all Berkshire is asleep."

Which he did. The Hermit's was a sleepless brain; hence, when away from his own beloved bookroom and laboratory, he invariably took with him some material

wherewith to occupy himself. On this occasion it was a recent book on the higher algebra. It kept him wide awake for some hours . . . yet was he the first man out of bed next morning at the George Hotel.

Haste—haste—haste! Twenty miles or so, and a sweetheart at the end—

> In delay there lies no plenty,
> So come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty.

Adrian Waynflete, as he emerged from his tub, was panting for the posthorses to devour the way—a process rare with posthorses. He ate his breakfast—you know the country inn style of breakfast—so hurriedly that it almost choked him, and was ready long before there was any likelihood of the horses being ready. However, the start was made at last; but I regret to say that the speed attained was not at all proportionate to the desire of an eager lover. The day was hot; the road, after the first

few miles, was hilly and chalky; the horses were . . . well, they were not precisely a team from the plough.

Hence it came to pass that the pace waxed slower and slower—and at intervals the two travellers were extremely glad to get out and walk up a hill, whose summit they always reached long before their equipage. They were sitting on the soft turf at the top of one of these hills, looking over the undulating downs, whose curves make one think of the colossal breasts and limbs of the primæval goddess Hertha, and Adrian was fretting over the time wasted, and Métivier was reminding him that if he got too soon to Wyvern Grange his lady-love would not be out of bed, when there came up the road behind them a dog-cart—a light trap with the highest of wheels, drawn by a tall rakish chestnut mare with three white stockings, and driven by a shrewd little fellow in

a cutaway coat and cord breeches, with a rose in his button-hole.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," said this worthy, pulling up, "can I give you a lift anywhere?"

"Thanks," said Lord Waynflete. "Our fly is just below. Can you tell me how far it is to Wyvern Grange?"

"Seven miles, and a hilly road. Those horses are dead beat. If you'll allow me to take you on to the inn I keep—about a mile and a half from here—I shall be proud to drive you the rest of the way afterwards. If those horses are to go back to Reading to-day, they'll want some hours' rest. O, I know the blessed old animals well."

"I accept your offer," said Adrian, only too glad to think of moving faster.

And, the fly having by this time reached the top of the hill, he gave the necessary orders to the postilions, and mounted the

dog-cart, and they were very soon at "The Flying Childers."

"I must give the mare a feed, gentlemen," said George Payne, "if you'll walk in for a few minutes."

And Mrs. Payne, neat and fresh as usual, with a trim figure kept well in shape by horse exercise, and a complexion brightened by the air of the chalk downs, waited upon her customers. So here were Waynflete and Métivier drinking soda and brandy where Mowbray and Terrell had done the same two days before.

"A sight of gentlemen goes over to see that old lady at the Grange," said Mrs. Payne. "One 'ud think she was going to be married. Only she's too old."

"Too old! Well, I don't know—she's got plenty of money, and that's the main thing. If the gentleman I drove over the other day went for that, he didn't get what

he wanted. He was as surly as the devil when he came back."

This slight confabulation took place between husband and wife while the mare was having her feed. A few minutes more, and the party were off for Wyvern Grange, which they reached in about twenty minutes. It was an early hour yet when they arrived at the quaint old place—in fact Amy Gray, who happened to be late that day, had but just finished breakfast.

I wonder why she was so late. I wonder what had been her dreams between the arrival of Mowbray and the arrival of Adrian. I wonder whether there was any presentiment in that young head that her eager lover was coming over the hills to ask her the question she was so ready to answer. I wonder... but never mind.

## CHAPTER IX.

### IN WHICH MOWBRAY CALLS ON THE MARCHIONESS.

THE Marchioness of Wraysbury, with pretty little Lady Mary, her daughter, and her niece Olive, and that odd waif, Ethel Evelyn Mowbray, were sitting in a room at Claridge's when Mr. Mowbray was announced. The Marquis and his son were away, and the merchant, not wholly to his satisfaction, found that he had to transact his business with the Marchioness. He had no special faculty for observing picturesqueness; otherwise assuredly he would have been struck with the group which met his eye as he entered.

In the Marchioness beauty and style were blended in absolute perfection. Her bright hair, blue eyes, slender yet stately figure, realized one's idea of early English beauty. Such surely was Godgifu of Mercia, concerning whom Mr. Tennyson has perpetuated an utterly baseless and ridiculous legend. Her little girl, a miniature presentment of herself, was playing with Mowbray's more gipsy-like daughter: both children were dressed alike, in some blue material; both were just the same age and size; but there was piquant contrast between Mary's flaxen hair and watchet eyes and soft sweet good-humoured aspect, and the darker lineaments of Ethel Evelyn, which seemed capable of strange passion and excitement. Apart from the others, looking wearily out of window on a dull London street which must have seemed very dreary after that marvellous view of Spain from the Pyrenean cottage,

was Olive Waynflete. A melancholy look was in her large dark eyes; her long lissom fingers moved with nervous restlessness upon the arm of the chair in which she sat. Poor child! She had just been awakened from a delicious dream to the prosaic realities of life . . . and such awakening is not pleasant.

It happened thus. She had been talking to the Marchioness concerning her cousin Adrian. There was a certain subdued delight in her tone as she talked. He was her hero, clearly. Never weary was she of narrating how he came upon her father and herself in their Pyrenean home—gallant, chivalrous, courteous, the fair ideal of a maiden's visions. She told, with pleasure that betrayed itself in every word, how he had tended her father, how he had listened to her songs, how delicious had been the days passed in his companionship. The Marchioness, a lady of more than common acumen,

who knew pretty well the erotic diagnosis, began to perceive that there was peril herein. She reflected. She acted.

"Adrian is very nice," she said, to her wild niece. "He went out very willingly when your father summoned him, although in leaving England he made a considerable sacrifice."

"A sacrifice," said Olive. "What was that?"

"It cannot long be a secret," said Lady Wraysbury, "so there is no harm in telling you. Adrian is going to be married, I believe. I don't know the young lady, but have no doubt she is worthy of him. Now, in order to go out to Spain, I understand that he had to forget all this for the time. Was it not good of him?"

Olive said it was very good. But, when the Marchioness had uttered her first words, and Olive understood that Adrian was about

to marry some one unknown, her hand flew with a swift convulsive movement to her breast—as if to keep its wild tenant, her passionate heart, from breaking forth suddenly. With dark eyes full of tears, with white teeth biting her red under-lip to enforce quietude, with long lithe fingers of the left hand clutching the curve of her bosom, Olive Waynflete sat. The Marchioness saw the sad symptoms of the inner storm—and looked away—and talked to her daughter and Ethel. They—young thoughtless things, devoid of all troublous presentiments—laughed and romped gaily, and enjoyed the hour.

Cruel to Olive Waynflete seemed her fate. Her cousin Adrian had come suddenly upon her as Ferdinand upon Miranda—and she had received him as her hero and master and king and lord—and all the while he belonged to some one else. How she hated

that puny she-creature! For him Olive had sung her choicest songs—to him had told all the strange stories of her wandering life. She had opened at his touch, like the rose-red oleander bloom to the sweet south wind. And now . . . she hears that he is to marry some one else—not her—not Olive! Could it be true? Could he indeed be so foolish, so cruel, so mad? He must be mad, she thought. The moment she saw him she felt they were destined to love each other. What could all this mean which she had heard?

I am told by the excellent and judicious persons who abound in modern society, giving it that tone of serene propriety which makes it "a little heaven below," that there is no affliction so terrible as to have an ill-regulated mind. *They* all have well-regulated minds, warranted never to vary or vacillate—quite the Dent's chronometer class of mind. I am afraid my poor little

Olive's mind was sadly ill-regulated. I much fear that she was rather a naughty girl. Possibly she might to some extent be excused, if tried by a kindly jury of matrons and maidens. Had she not led a wandering life, the comrade of an eccentric sire, in regions far beyond the limits within which propriety is omnipotent? Surely she might be forgiven some of her shortcomings. A model young lady, having by accident fallen in love with a young gentleman who happened to be engaged in another quarter, would just ignore the whole affair, and hunt up a second young gentleman as soon as possible. Sensible and well-conducted girls always do. Olive, I am sincerely sorry to say, was unable to do this. Her education had been neglected.

So the shock was a terrible one to her; and she sat by the window, looking out upon the squalid ugly fashionable street,

and wishing she could go back to Spain, and recall her father from his lonely Pyrenean grave. Girls, when love-trouble assails them, think rather of their fathers than their mothers. It is natural. They want manly aid and counsel against the ill-treatment of an inferior manhood. To the daughter her father is the typical *man*—strong, honourable, faithful: it is for him to call to account the pitiful rascal who disgraces his manhood by being false in love. Cognate but inverse reasons drive the boy who is crossed in love to his mother for advice and solace.

So Olive thought of her father. O if he could only return for an hour! Why, why cannot the intense wish of the heart bring back from the other world those whom we have lost too early—lost, perchance, before we knew how great the loss? Why had she ever seen Adrian? Why had she been brought to this dreary dingy England, where

there was seldom sunshine and never love? Such wild queries she put to herself, sitting in an easy chair by the window, with tear-lustre in her eyes, and lips held firm by teeth that threatened to bite, and left hand clutching at the breast.

* * * * * *

But I forgot Mr. Mowbray. All this time he has been standing at the door, thrown open for him by the most courteous of waiters. Really I must most humbly apologise to him. So moneyed a man deserves better treatment.

He stood in the doorway. He saw the Marchioness sitting at a table—Olive by the window, who looked round disdainfully, and then returned to her own bitter thoughts with an air of dismissing him from existence —two little girls dressed exactly alike in blue, but one dark and the other light, laughing over some of the mysterious toys

which the great company in Regent Street produces for childhood's delight.

Mowbray knew his daughter. Love was too strong for etiquette. He strode forward, raised her in his arms, kissed her. The child knew him also. She caught him round the neck with a strong embrace, and said—

"O papa! Dear papa!"

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. When the Marchioness—who, though the most gracious lady in England, had no reason to be prejudiced in Mowbray's favour—saw this meeting between father and daughter, the tears filled her eyes, and she felt an unaccountable liking for Mowbray, and a great satisfaction that Adrian had been the means of restoring his child.

Ay, and even Olive, troubled with her own affairs, was brought back to sympathy by this event. She had just lost her father:

it seemed to her that better than anyone else she could understand how this child must rejoice at finding hers.

"Ah," thought poor Olive, "if I had been stolen from him, or he from me, we should have found each other again. But now death has taken him—and it is all a mystery—and perhaps he is nowhere, nowhere in the world. And now I am quite alone."

But, with all her strong sense of unhappiness, she felt some pleasure when she saw the delight of father and child at their reunion. Mowbray forgot his dignity. Ethel's happy arms were around his neck once more, clasping him as if she would choke him. It was some time before he could speak. When he did, it was not with his usual fluency that he expressed his thanks to Lady Wraysbury.

"There are no thanks due," she said.

"It was a fortunate circumstance that Adrian met with her in Spain. They would have brought the poor darling back, I suppose, in time—but Adrian did not think they were in any hurry about it. I am so very glad he recovered her for you."

"I am truly grateful to Lord Waynflete," said Mowbray, "and hope to have an opportunity soon of expressing my thanks. He will be in town again in a short time, I hope."

"O yes," replied the Marchioness. "But we are close neighbours in the country, you know, Mr. Mowbray. I hope that now I have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance and your little daughter's, we shall no longer be strangers. That beautiful new house of yours at Lindesay is quite a noble object from our windows."

Mowbray could not respond otherwise than civilly to Lady Wraysbury's courteous

invitation. He was somewhat perplexed, by this sudden thwarting of his policy, but this was no time to show it. Still in his inmost brain there lurked the prejudiced belief that all aristocrats were wicked and that peers ought to be extirpated like wolves; still he felt intensely angry with the Waynflete family, whose territory he had invaded, and with whom he had held political and legal conflict; but he clearly could not be obstinately sulky when they restored him his daughter and invited him to friendship. It is good, says the great Messenger to the nations, to satisfy your enemy's hunger and to assuage his thirst: *τοῦτο γὰρ ποιῶν ἄνθρακας πυρὸς σωρεύσεις ἐπὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν αὐτοῦ.* Such sorites of flaming anthracite may possibly cause cephalalgia to the enemy aforesaid. Mowbray's brain, customarily clear enough, was somewhat offuscated by the situation. Still he went

through the business with tolerable grace.

Before he left, in came Lord Wraysbury, with Ponsonby, whom he had brought to luncheon. The Marquis never bore a grudge against anybody for half a moment: he had forgotten that Mowbray's promptitude had prevented his buying Lindesay, that the merchant had wanted to enclose Ashridge Common, that there had been a struggle for the representation of Rothcastle. Trifles of this sort did not trouble Lord Wraysbury—he addressed his visitor with the utmost cordiality, and said how sorry he was that Lord Waynflete chanced to be absent, and actually made Mowbray stay to luncheon.

To this meal they sat down, and the conversation strayed from topic to topic. Even politics were lightly touched. Mowbray could not well be virulent under the circumstances, but he did not conceal his advanced ideas.

"Well, the monarchy will last our time, I hope," said the Marquis.

"I don't think," remarked Ponsonby, who had a touch of humour, and noticed that Mowbray was a grimly serious Radical, "that the gentlemen who call themselves advanced Liberals exactly understand in what direction the world is advancing. They anticipate a universal equality which would be an actual return to barbarism."

"And what do you anticipate?" asked the Marquis.

"The triumph of the highest race," said Ponsonby, "and the establishment of a great federation of aristocratic republics. Two mighty ethnic movements are at work simultaneously—the development of the English race everywhere, and the bursting of that great reservoir of working men, the Chinese Empire. No Englishman should ever work: we were meant to be poets,

orators, statesmen, soldiers—in a word, gentlemen. When the Chinese reach Ireland the revolution will have begun."

Mowbray, who thought this was idiotic nonsense, did not exactly like to say so, and was silent.

"Try this Périgord pie, Mr. Mowbray," said Lord Wraysbury. "You eat nothing. When the Chinese come, Ponsonby, I suppose we shall have bird's-nest soup and roasted rats."

"Not the rats, I hope. The soup is good, I know by experience. As to my political predictions, smile if you will—they will be realized. By-and-by England will be a sacred island, thus regarded because it is the cradle of the world-governing race. The princes of the English will dwell here: sordid towns and hideous factories will be unknown; even the soil will not be farmed, but all food will be imported, and the coun-

try will be one glorious range of park and pleasaunce."

"I hope I shall be allowed to grow a salad," said the Marquis.

"The man is mad," thought Mowbray.

Ponsonby drank his Sauterne, and changed the subject. He had noticed a guitar and a tambourine on a side-table.

"You have materials for music here," he said to the Marchioness.

"O, yes! The guitar is Olive's instrument; I daresay she will sing you a Spanish air presently. And the tambourine belongs to Miss Mowbray, who plays it charmingly."

"Plays the tambourine!" exclaims Mowbray.

"Yes, papa," says Ethel Evelyn. "The gipsies taught me. And I can walk on stilts, too."

"What an astonishing accomplishment!" remarked her father.

But Ethel had left the table, and, beating the tambourine with rapid yet modulated motion, was improvising a fantastic dance, that seemed more adapted to a Spanish green than to a London hotel.

"They have made quite a gipsy of her," said Mowbray.

"There is no harm in dancing and the tambourine," replied the Marchioness. "How full of exquisite grace her movements are!"

"Yes, indeed," said Ponsonby. "I think the gipsies might advantageously be employed to teach little girls how to dance and play the tambourine."

"Another incident of the great reform you predict," observed the Marquis.

"Well, it is better for the children than some things they tell me are the fashion. But your ladyship promised us a Spanish air: that would be a great treat."

"Will you sing, Olive?" asked the Marchioness, who wished to prevent her niece from brooding on her troubles.

Olive Waynflete took the guitar, and her fingers taught it a mournful melody.

Ah, once it was a stately tree
  Whose summit caught the morning star—
And now it is sole friend to me,
  My sad guitar.

When fluttered by the south wind's breath
  Gay music lived in every leaf—
Now to my ear it murmureth
  Low songs of grief.

In circles swift the swallows sped
  Its whispering boughs around, above—
The swallows with the summer fled,
  Life fled with love.

Ghost-music of the glorious tree
  That reigned upon the hills afar—
Sweet are thy mournful songs to me,
  My own guitar.

As Olive ended, Ethel, who had found her flageolet, caught up the air, quickened

it, mocked it with a piquant parody, turned its unutterable sadness into the wildest glee. Ponsonby was amazed and delighted.

"Dear mamma," exclaimed little Lady Mary, "I wish I might go among the gipsies for a few months, and learn to dance and play as Ethel does."

Everybody was amused at this aspiration.

"My daughter is ready for your new system, Ponsonby," said the Marquis. "Chinese for servants, and gipsies for schoolmistresses! There's nothing like utilising the inferior races."

It was time for Mowbray to think of taking his daughter home. He renewed his thanks to the Marchioness and to Lord Waynflete.

"You must come and see us in the country," she said, once more. "We are seldom in London. You, I suppose, will remain here to the end of the Session?"

"Yes," he replied. And then there flashed upon him the thought of Miss Pinnock. "Indeed my movements are very uncertain, for I have much unexpected business on hand. But I quite hope to be in the country in the autumn."

So Ethel Evelyn prepared to accompany her father, taking somewat sorrowful leave of her friends—especially Olive—and eagerly collecting her musical treasures . . . tambourine, flageolet, castanets.

Alas, the stilts had been left behind.

"And now, papa," she said, quite confidently, as she was placed in the carriage, "we are going home to dear Miss Gray."

Mowbray replied not.

## CHAPTER X.

### IN WHICH TWO LOVERS MEET.

EDWARD MOWBRAY, having delivered his little daughter into the care of Miss Cust, who rejoiced over her exceedingly, went to his private room, and pondered much.

When a deed irremediable has been done, what a nuisance it is to feel a doubt of its wisdom! This has been the case with most people, I suspect, in the course of their career. It was the case with Mowbray now. Hearts are often caught on the rebound, according to a well-known adage: and there can be no doubt that Mowbray's annoyance at being refused by Amy Gray had caused

him to welcome Miss Pinnock's intelligent sympathy . . . and to make an important proposal to the intelligent sympathiser. And now he was haunted by a doubt as to whether he had not acted too hastily. This doubt, as we have seen, had attacked him when he heard that morning of his daughter's recovery; it had perplexed him ever since.

Mowbray, observe, was not a dull man. He was keenly observant, and knew a hawk from a hernshaw. In his confidential moments he admitted to himself that Angelina Pinnock and Amy Gray were not made of precisely the same material. And his interview with the Marchioness of Wraysbury had produced an effect upon him. He had entered the room at Claridge's with an inveterate prejudice against all ladies of rank; but Lady Wraysbury's perfect simplicity and charming courtesy had conquered him. He

recognized in her style something widely different from that of Miss Pinnock—from that also of the magnificent Manchester matrons and maidens to whom he was accustomed. Miss Pinnock was superior—and Miss Manchester was splendid—but both were affected. This he saw when he had been for a few moments in the company of the Marchioness of Wraysbury—a perfectly unaffected woman.

It was not the difference of rank clearly. Amy Gray was only a governess, but she had, he could see, precisely the same simplicity of character so delightful in Lady Wraysbury. Yes: Miss Pinnock had educated her, and actually had not spoilt her. Such thoughts, disloyal to the lady whom he had chosen as his partner for life, persistently intruded themselves upon poor Mowbray's brain. Why did Amy refuse him? It was too hard: he would have been so in-

finitely good to her, and her influence would have so refined his character. Mowbray felt all this. "To love her was a liberal education:" he had never heard Sir Richard's saying, but its sense passed vaguely through his mind.

However, it was no use. Amy Gray had resolutely refused him; she would marry Waynflete, of course; and there was nothing for him to do but carry out his engagement to the stately Angelina, and try to persuade himself that she was a perfect Mrs. Mowbray. It is quite certain that the lady herself would hold that opinion.

To do Mowbray justice, he had no thought of drawing back. He was a man of business. He would almost as soon have dishonoured a bill as broken his faith to Miss Pinnock. What might have happened if little Amy had suddenly changed her mind, and thrown himself into his arms, I cannot

say; even a steady mercantile gentleman will sometimes do wild things when driven by a grand passion. But Amy was beyond his reach . . . so he was true to Miss Pinnock.

Yes: it was too late to recede. And yet . . . he could not help a feeling of annoyance; he had just discovered that there exists a class of women above Miss Pinnock's level. *Above?* . . . well, is that the proper phrase? Miss Pinnock was a very *superior* woman, you know. But that confounded comparative does not seem a tempting epithet. Rosalind and Miranda and Juliet were not superior women. My own fancy is for a loveable woman . . . and really it would have been rather an impertinence to love Miss Pinnock.

After some reflexion, not of a satisfactory character, Mowbray decided to drive to the

Orphan Institute, and inform the lady to whom he was engaged of what had occurred. She ought of course to know it at once. Little did he imagine that she already knew it, and had been meditating seriously on its results.

So again in the afternoon the merchant's bays were pulled up in front of that ugly Doric portico, and Miss Pinnock received her second visit. She was delighted, of course, and said so.

"I can conjecture what has procured for me the pleasure of again seeing you, Mr. Mowbray. You have recovered your daughter."

"Yes," he said. "How did you know?"

"Just after you left I had a call from Lord Waynflete, who told me of it."

"Lord Waynflete!" said Mowbray, surprised. "What reason had he for calling?"

"A very simple one. He was desirous

of becoming acquainted with Miss Gray's present address."

"Did you give it him?" asked Mowbray, with unconscious eagerness.

"I hesitated for some time, but as he stated that his intentions toward the girl were honourable, I finally gave him the information he required."

"Ah," said Mowbray—"of course—you could not well refuse—I suppose he is gone down to look after her—I wonder how she will receive him."

These abrupt and disconnected remarks were rather in the nature of soliloquy, and somewhat surprised Miss Pinnock, who said,

"She will receive him graciously, I do not doubt. She is rather impressionable, and has a full share of feminine vanity, and the addresses of a youthful aristocrat will naturally flatter her. But allow me to inquire how your dear little daughter is,

after her sojourn among the gipsies. I trust that her physical and moral health has in no way deteriorated."

Mowbray recovered at that long word, and remembered that he was to marry a superior woman, and that Miss Gray's affairs were no concern of his.

"Well," he replied, "I do not know that she has received any particular injury. They tell me she has learnt to walk on stilts—and she plays the tambourine wonderfully. I have no doubt she can soon be cured of such eccentricities. And I hope you will not find her a very troublesome little daughter."

"I am sure I shall not," said Miss Pinnock.

"She is really a very good little girl," quoth Mowbray. "And since—"

He pulled up short. He had been about to say that his little Ethel had been a much nicer and more manageable child since a

certain Miss Gray had taken her in hand. Suddenly it occurred to him that this was hardly the thing to say to Miss Pinnock.

How was it that his thoughts perpetually returned in a kind of elliptic curve to Amy Gray? He vowed to himself that he would never again think of the child. Such vows are notoriously difficult to keep.

"She is so young," said Miss Pinnock, kindly relieving him, though she did not guess what (or rather whom) he was thinking about, "that I have not the slightest doubt she will soon forget any absurdities which the gipsies may have taught her. I assure you, Mr. Mowbray, that I anticipate with indescribable pleasure the guidance of so interesting a child. Few things are so delightful as to mould and direct an aspiring young intellect."

A good deal of this eloquence was lost upon Mowbray, because he was occupied in

dismissing Amy Gray from his thoughts for ever—and in wondering what the fair and stately Angelina would say if she knew whither his imagination was wandering. He was, on the whole, in an unsatisfactory state of mind. This was not by any means the first time in his career that he had made a bargain or entered upon a speculation hastily, and without absolute certainty that it would end precisely as it ought; but he could not help feeling that this particular bargain or speculation was one of considerable importance to himself—and that if he had made a mistake it was no joke.

Hoping that he has not made a mistake, let us leave him, and travel elsewhere. He is in good company—Angelina Pinnock will assuredly give him the best possible advice on all possible subjects.

## CHAPTER XI.

### IN WHICH LORD WAYNFLETE MEETS HIS FATE.

AMY GRAY, sitting somewhat late at breakfast in a quaint room overlooking a well-kept lawn, in the centre whereof there was an aged mulberry-tree at this time overladen with blood-ripe fruit, had no notion in the world, I suspect, that her lover was so near. I suppose, according to the rules of propriety, she ought not to have considered Adrian her lover. But instinct is stronger than etiquette; and this foolish child had learnt at least the elements of that love-wisdom which is wiser than all other. She had got over all her morbid fancies. She felt certain everything would

come right in the end; meanwhile she would do her duty by Miss Griffin, and be as good a chessplayer and casuist as possible, and romp with the dogs in the intervals of the aforesaid duty.

Casuistry and chess! Strange occupations for a pretty little girl. And yet not always unsuitable or uninteresting. Love has its casuistry: perhaps our Amy will have to solve some difficult problem yet. And as to chess . . . by Aphrodite, I think it is the best conceivable game for flirtation. Croquet is well enough; but croquet results in groups, and in groups that perpetually vary. Pretty enough for the spectator—with your snowy tent, violet-fringed, and your exquisite little girls in original costumes invented by the Goddess of Fashion—and your swells and guardsmen and curates. How the divine contrasts of colour fluctuate over the emerald turf! But the flirtation that is dispersed in

groups is only of the airiest order—it is just the foam of the Champagne.

Chess is serious. A scientific game, you know—but the love-science transcends it. Amandus and Amanda—he, knightly and superb, she blushful and beautiful—are ensconced in their private corner. A pleasant angle overhung with fragrant blossoms, and with a view over delicious gardens—there they sit, only the little square table, with its red and white squadrons, between them, and think a good deal more of each other than they do of the game. I certainly think chess is a capital game for flirtation. There is much virtue in a checkmate.

To resume. Amy Gray had just ended her breakfast, being a little late. She rose from the table and walked out upon the lawn. Fido ran joyously barking after her, and one or two bigger dogs came slowly in her train, and stretched lazily upon the

gravel. It was a delicious sunny morning, touched with ice, *frappé*, so to speak. You know that divine autumnal feeling, just when the tinge is on the leaf, when the swift is on the wing. Summer, imperial artist, has done his work. The mighty heats and glowing glories of the central year pass slowly away. There comes a fragrant freshness to prepare the world for the repose of winter. Men who are wise do no brainwork save in summer. Winter is the time for torpidity. When sunshine fills the world, then likewise there is sunshine of the brain. I don't know how Shakespeare managed in the winter; but Milton has told us that he could write no verse between the autumnal equinox and the vernal. No wise poet will make the attempt. Of course he may be permitted to produce a few nonsense-verses for Christmas entertainments.

There was on the lawn, near the ancient

mulberry-tree, a carved urn or basin of granite, filled by a small spring with water always pure and cold. Around it grew in abundance a multitude of rare ferns. Hither all the birds that haunted the lawns and orchards of Wyvern Grange were wont to come and drink: especially a flock of tumbler pigeons and white and brown doves, which had for years unreckoned dwelt amid the gables of the old house. Miss Griffin's principal manservant, who was called Adam and looked like Methusaleh, might sometimes be seen high up on a ladder, searching for the young birds; excellent good are they broiled for breakfast, wrapt in a thin slice of ham and a vineleaf. Though there were a large number thus consumed in the household, they increased perpetually. Amy seemed to see fresh birds almost every morning.

This morning she tripped gaily across the

grass, her small white hands filled with bread-crumbs which she scattered to the birds. They fluttered down from the roof, and surrounded her. Sunshine fell upon her soft brown hair through the restless leafage of the mulbery-tree, As she stood, one hand holding up her dress, while with the other she threw crumbs to her favourites, she was a perfect picture. There was a grace in all Amy's movements and attitudes which curiously enhanced her charm.

She did not guess who was looking at her. Waynflete and Métivier had learnt on reaching the door of the Grange that Miss Griffin was not yet visible, and that Miss Gray was out somewhere in the grounds.

"I will go and find her," said Adrian, promptly.

Métivier, accepting the situation, entered, and was shown into the library, where he

soon found occupation that prevented his noticing the lapse of time. This was fortunate for him—as Miss Griffin was later than usual this morning, while Adrian and Amy did not appear till long after the hour at which Miss Gray's duties usually commenced.

Adrian stood upon the lawn, and watched the little beauty with her birds and dogs. Suddenly one of the latter perceived him, and the whole troop rushed at him with vociferous throats, and the doves and pigeons rose with a mighty whirl of wings. The doves flew to the roofs; the pigeons rose high in air, and swept like a versi-coloured cloud into the sunlight—swiftly vanishing behind the trees, and suddenly streaming down again, a cataract of colour. And little Amy Gray, shielding her eyes with one hand, beheld a tall man standing on the grass . . . and recognized Lord

Waynflete. Shyly she came forward and extended her hand to him, and said:

"O, Lord Waynflete, I am so glad to see you."

He could see how true that was. Her eyes said it, and a strange lustre of delight dwelt in their blue depths: her little sweet mouth said it, with a tremulous motion of its laughing curve: her maiden bosom said it, with a flutter as if her heart were an imprisoned bird . . . trying to escape to Adrian. He held her hand a moment—her little plump rosy hand in his long slender fingers: then . . . it is a fact, young ladies, however shocking it may seem . . . he drew her to himself, and kissed her pretty lips, and called her some sweet foolish names—too sweet and too foolish to print. How did he know he might do it?

"Come," he said, "I have so many things to tell you."

They wandered through the quaint old orchard-lawns, and passed the moat, and came out upon the breezy down. Faithful Fido followed—not barking according to his wont, but meditating in melancholy fashion who this stranger might be that thus monopolized his mistress. Occasionally Lord Waynflete felt the little dog's black nose against his leg, and took it as a proffer of friendship: not so—Fido was trying to decide whether it was not his duty to bite a piece out of Adrian's calf.

"You did not expect me, I can see, Amy," said Lord Waynflete.

"No, my lord, I did not."

"My lord!"

"Well, what must I call you?"

"Call me Adrian. I am not going to call you Miss Gray. However, you got my letter, of course."

"A letter! No, indeed. How happy it

would have made me! When did you write?" asked Amy.

"I wrote from Spain, and told you about Jack Johnson—the man, you know, who punished that young rascal at Harrow for insulting you."

"And I never received it! How did you address it? Tell me."

"I sent it to Miss Pinnock's care, at the Orphan Institute."

"Ah," said Amy, "now I see. I believe Miss Pinnock opened that letter. She wrote to me so impertinently about something wicked I was supposed to have done, that I did not answer her."

"But why should she stop your letter, my darling?"

"I can't think. I feel sure she did it. And yet I used once to think she couldn't do anything wrong."

"Perhaps she considered it right," said

Adrian. "You are not of age yet, you know, and I suppose she looks upon you as under her charge. I had considerable difficulty in getting your address from the old lady."

"Old lady! What a thing to say! Why, she is quite young and handsome . . . . Adrian."

"Is she? I did not look at her much. She uses uncommonly long words, which she does not always pronounce aright. I am glad she did not teach you that bad habit."

"She made us learn a great many long words," said Amy, "but I never could remember them. I am too little for long words, don't you think?"

"Do you love me, Amy?"

"You might have asked me before now, I think, since you took the liberty of kiss-

ing me without asking. Other people are more respectful."

"Ah, you want me to do it again, I see." . . . "And pray who are these other people? You can't have many admirers in this desert."

"Perhaps my admirers come from a distance. I know one who did. And you're not the only one, my lord."

"My lord again! I must invent some punishment for that expression. Well, who else has visited you?—the young man Jack Johnson thrashed?"

"No, indeed. Somebody you know. He was here only the day before yesterday. He did not treat me as you did, but asked me to marry him in a most respectful manner."

"This is quite a riddle," said Adrian. "I give it up, my child."

"What do you think of Mr. Mowbray?"

"Nonsense!"

"Truth, indeed. He and Mr. Terrell came over, and they dined here, and Mr. Terrell played chess with Miss Griffin, and won the game."

"And Mowbray lost his. Well, this is curious. Fancy the fellow's having the impertinence to ask you to marry him!"

"Why, he is a very great man indeed, is he not?" asked Amy.

"Only a merchant."

"Well, and I'm only a governess—or, at least, companion to a lady."

"You'll be companion to a gentleman soon, my beauty. But I forgot: I have some news for you. Mowbray's daughter is found."

"What, dear little Ethel! How glad I am! Who found her? Where was she?"

"I found her in Spain, among the gipsies, who took her in revenge, because Mowbray had imprisoned Jack Johnson."

"And you brought her back with you! How glad Mr. Mowbray must have been!"

"I suppose so. But he was away when I called at his house; and as I was eager to come and see a certain young lady, I left a note for him. I suppose he called yesterday on Lady Wraysbury, who brought his little girl to town."

"I am so afraid of Lady Wraysbury, Adrian."

"Are you? Why?"

"O, she looks so . . . so . . . I don't know what to say. When I saw her driving through Ashridge, I used to think she ought to be a queen."

"Well, so ought you. You need not be alarmed, child. Mamma's an uncommonly nice little woman—not half so terrible as your Miss Pinnock."

"O, I despise Miss Pinnock! I could not have believed that she would have acted

so meanly. And to think that I might have had your nice letter so long ago, Adrian!"

"Don't blame her too hastily. The Spanish post-office is irregular. Perhaps the letter did not reach her."

"I feel sure it did. That accounts for her mysterious letter to me. She must have opened the letter, and made up her mind to keep you away from me."

"What could be her reason?"

"I cannot guess. It is so very unlike her. She has always been excessively kind to me—and she is such a very clever woman, you know."

"I hate clever women," said Adrian.

"Am I to consider that a compliment?" asked Amy.

"Well, I don't think anybody would call you clever—or a woman either, for that matter. No doubt the wise and mature Miss Pinnock thought you were quite too

much a child to think about marriage. She looks upon you as a baby, I expect."

"I suppose I am a baby in some things," said Amy, with demure gravity. "I was when I came away from school. I seem to have lived quite a long time, and made innumerable discoveries, since the day when we travelled together to Rothcastle. You lent me *Punch*, do you remember?"

"Do I remember? I know that I felt strongly disposed to take you in my arms and kiss you. Would you have screamed?"

"I don't think so. I should have thought you had a right. I think I loved you, that first time I saw you."

"You darling! I'm sure I loved *you*."

What nonsense lovers talk to each other! Here sat Adrian and Amy, on the green hill side overlooking a wide expanse of country, and found actual pleasure in what an impartial listener would certainly have

considered very silly conversation. Still, there were intervals which may be worth reporting.

"Ethel was not the only young lady I brought back from Spain, Amy," said Lord Waynflete. "I went over to my uncle, my father's brother, who was in a dying state, and I brought back my cousin Olive, such a wild beautiful creature, about your age, I should think. You will like her, I feel sure."

"Does she speak English?" asked Amy.

"O yes, excellently. She will take her guitar, and sing an English or a Spanish song, inventing both words and music as she sings. I suppose it is her gipsy blood—her mother was a gipsy."

"How very odd of your uncle to marry a gipsy!"

"He did odd things all his life. He liked wandering, and travelled over half the

world, and was much in the company of the gipsies. He learnt all their secrets, it is said—but I question whether they have any secrets."

"Perhaps your cousin knows if they have any."

"What, Olive! I must make Métivier talk to her. He will find out what she knows."

"O, I remember M. Métivier. He is so charming. I took little Ethel to his Hut, as he called it, one afternoon, and he showed us such wonderful things. He is well, I hope?"

"He is here," said Adrian. "He happens to know Miss Griffin."

"Dear me!" cried Amy, starting up in alarm, "how I am forgetting Miss Griffin! All this time she will be wanting to have the *Times* filtered for her, as she calls it."

"Filtered. What does that mean?"

"Why, she doesn't want to hear about the Irish Land Question, or the Œcumenical Council, or the Spanish Revolution, or anything of that sort. She thinks such things very tiresome."

"Then I suppose she likes to have fashionable news—what the Queen and the Prince of Wales are doing, and who is going to marry whom?"

"O dear no, I should get dreadfully scolded if I read anything of that sort. Miss Griffin likes anything odd or unusual—difficult law cases, mysterious disappearances, clever burglaries, curious grievances."

"A quaint old lady," quoth Adrian.

"A very nice old lady," says Amy. "She has been wonderfully good to me. She *is* quaint, I admit—just like the house she lives in."

"Ah, I wonder if she'll offer me a bed,"

said Adrian. "Now I'm here I don't want to go away. What do you think, Amy?"

"She did not offer Mr. Mowbray a bed," replied Amy, demurely. "But really I must go back, Adrian. She will think me so very thoughtless."

"Come along, child," he said, taking her dainty little hand. "Shall we run down this hill?"

They ran, like a couple of babies, Fido barking in a wild state of excitement. When they reached the bottom, Amy was breathless: so they walked toward Wyvern Grange more soberly.

"You are changed since I saw you first, Amy," said Lord Waynflete, presently.

"Changed! How? Have I grown old and ugly?"

"No, indeed. But when I first saw you in the railway-carriage, your pretty little fresh

face reminded me of a flower. What flower do you think it was?"

"I am sure I cannot guess."

"A primrose," he said. "You were just like one of those primrose blossoms you see hidden among the tree roots by a brook in the spring. You know what I mean?"

"O yes, what thousands there were along the Petteril. But you know, Lord Waynflete——"

"Lord Waynflete?"

"Well, Adrian then . . . you know I had never even seen a primrose when I first saw you."

"Poor little prisoner! Well, now you have escaped from your captivity for ever, and won't have Miss Pinnock for a gaoler any more."

"I shall have you instead. But tell me, please, what do you mean by my having changed?"

"That you don't look like a primrose now. You look like another flower . . . a rose."

And it was true. The summer of love had touched her breast, and ripened it into a sweet unrest, and she, a baby blossom of yore, was as fragrant now as the rose's core. I don't know how the scholiasts garble the exquisite tale of Pygmalion's marble, wherein a statue, beauty's type, turns into a lady loving and ripe: but there's no difference between this and the story of Undine. Love it is, and no other, who makes a girl a woman; when she awakes (like a fluttering bird) to perceive her capture, he pours upon her a torrent of rapture. He touches her breast with his altar-coal, and the baby-creature gets a soul.

"I am sure," said Amy, "I don't know what I thought of you when I saw you first. I had seen nobody then except the old gen-

tlemen who managed the Orphan Institute: and they were so very dignified, and so very stout, and their legs were so very short."

She concluded her description with a merry little laugh.

"So you suddenly found out that all the male inhabitants of the world are not short and stout and elderly. It must have been a revelation."

"It was, really. Those old gentlemen used to pat me on the head with heavy fat hands, and say I was a good girl. I didn't like it a bit."

"I should think not," said Adrian, laughing. "I am sure I shouldn't have liked it. However, I suppose you *were* a good girl."

"Dreadfully good, I think. But now I'm afraid Miss Pinnock will think me very naughty. Do you know, I believe she will be angry when she hears we are going to be married."

"Why?"

"She professes to think that lords are always wicked. But the truth is, she will be a little bit jealous. So many of her pupils have got married lately. I am sure she would make a very nice wife."

"Though she did intercept your letters."

"O, I really should like to charge her with that," said little Amy, quite aflame with anger. "It was such a mean trick. If I ever see her again I shall certainly speak about it."

Lord Waynflete was quite amused to see his quiet little sweetheart so irate. But Miss Gray can be angry, as we know, in just cause; and was not this cause just?

"By Jove!" says Adrian, as they saunter across the old drawbridge, their footsteps causing the big carp in the moat to raise their blunt noses above the surface of the weedy water, "I am positively getting

hungry. I have eaten nothing since breakfast."

He looked at his watch. It was three o'clock.

"What *will* Miss Griffin say?" exclaimed Amy.

"I don't care what she says, if she'll only give me something to eat. What time do you dine, Amy?"

"Five."

"Faith, I can't wait till then. I shall be eating *you!*"

"Please don't," said Amy.

When they reached the Grange, they found Miss Griffin in her customary corner, and in the mellowest of tempers. No wonder: she had been conversing pleasantly with Métivier, whom she liked, and who had given her a good account of Lord Waynflete.

"Ah," said the old lady, as they entered, without awaiting any introduction, "I said

the real hero would come soon. You are the hero, Lord Waynflete, I see. Well, I wish you both joy."

"A thousand thanks," replied Adrian. "I need not apologise for keeping Amy away so long, Miss Griffin, for I am sure my friend Métivier is a capital substitute."

"M. Métivier has had some refreshment," said the old lady. "Will you? You *must* be hungry."

"I was just talking about eating Amy," quoth Adrian.

"A morsel for a Marquis," said Métivier.

Miss Griffin meanwhile had struck a golden hand-bell, the work of no common carver, and had given orders which resulted in a maidservant's bringing, on a silver tray, a small *pâté des foies gras*, and a bottle of Buehl's sparkling Moselle. Lovers' food, surely. But Amy would eat none; she had no appetite yet, she declared; she had breakfasted

late. So Adrian had his luncheon alone, and drank his pale saffron wine out of a goblet of glass which realized Browning's description—

> Glasses they'll blow you, crystal-clear,
> Where just a faint cloud of rose shall appear,
> As if in pure water you dropt and let die
> A bruised black-blooded mulberry.

"I have been describing Ashridge to Miss Griffin," said Métivier. "She is quite pleased with Miss Gray's future domain."

"And did you describe the inhabitants?" asked Lord Waynflete. "There are some odd folk—especially Burton and Miss Avery."

"Ah, I visited Miss Avery a week or two ago, in search of gossip. She told me that she couldn't sleep o' nights, so I administered some hydrate of chloral."

"Has she a guilty conscience?" asked Miss Griffin, eagerly. She was thinking casuistry might be useful.

"I fancy not. But she has, of course,

been brought up amid exploded and barbarous superstitions. She told me that she lay awake thinking of her *final account.*"

"That phrase," remarked Miss Griffin, "is a curious one. It shows how much what we call religion is of mere worldly growth. It could only have been coined by a shopkeeper for a shop-keeping nation."

"Ha!" said Métivier, "that indeed is true. A creditor and debtor account in a ledger bound in calfskin is the normal Englishman's notion of his last dealing with his Creator. A final account! What say you to that, Adrian?"

"I say that it is fortunate shopkeepers are religious, and that if they were also honest, it would be still more fortunate. Miss Avery should get Rosvere to console her."

"Well, do you know, I recommended port wine," said Métivier. "But tell me,

Adrian, after bringing home Mowbray's daughter, about which I have been telling Miss Griffin, don't you think you and your neighbour will live amicably?"

"I did not tell M. Métivier in return," said the old lady, "that if you had given Mowbray his daughter you had taken away—somebody else."

Adrian laughed.

"Well, it is no secret. Only two days ago Mowbray came down here on the very same errand as myself. But Miss Gray refused him."

"Ah, then I fear the great feud is not yet over," said Métivier. "But I certainly should like to see you at peace, and reviving at Ashridge the beautiful village life of England."

"What do you mean?" asked Adrian.

"England was merry England once, you know. People lived a life of greater com-

fort, happiness, and intelligence than now. Men were not massed and crushed in cities: Charing was a village, and Moor Fields were archery-grounds: there were no paupers and few thieves, except just after war had done its work. Now in a place like Ashridge you might try to revive this beautiful free simple life. You have the materials. What do *you* think, Miss Griffin?"

"If I had a village, all the villagers should learn to play chess."

They had accepted Miss Griffin's invitation to dine and sleep at Wyvern Court. In the evening, while Adrian and Amy held cosy colloquy in one corner of the great drawing-room, Métivier amazed Miss Griffin by proposing a variation of her favourite game—which originated, as I think, with Deschapelles. It consisted in one player's using the ordinary men, while the other had the king and two rows of pawns, one placed in

front of the other. Reluctantly the old lady consented to try the experiment, and was astonished to find that it led to a glorious game. Métivier had the sixteen pawns —and won.

"This is a singular modification of chess," said the old lady, when she found herself checkmated.

"It has a moral, I think," replied the Hermit. "The old game, with its queen and bishops and knights and castles and serfs represents the feudal system: the new game gives us the people, with one competent leader. Which is likely to be the stronger?"

"I don't believe in an autocrat," said Miss Griffin.

As the old lady never came down until the world was aired, she that evening took leave of her guests. She was very gracious.

"You are going to take Amy away, Lord

Waynflete, and I can hardly forgive you. She is the only girl I know that has an idea about chess. However, I make one condition: you must marry her from here. There is a little church two miles away, where I sometimes go of a summer afternoon—sometimes, but not often. You must be married there: bring your own parsons, and as many bishops as you please. There are plenty of beds in this old rambling place, quite good enough for bishops. But I won't spare Amy till she is married, and I mean to give her a trousseau. I hope you quite understand, Lord Waynflete. Good night."

The old lady went off to bed. Métivier also departed, to search for some quaint volume wherewith to pass the midnight hours; but Adrian and Amy sat in pleasant foolish converse some time longer.

## CHAPTER XII.

### HYMEN O HYMENAEE!

THE nuptials of Edward Mowbray and Angelina Pinnock were not long delayed. They were celebrated, in the month of October, at St. George's, Hanover Square. The wedding was in all respects superb, as befitted the dignity alike of the Manchester merchant and the stately preceptress. These twain were in many respects well suited to each other, having certain ideas in common. Mowbray, when he had decided to wed the mistress of the Orphan Institute, wisely also decided to treat her as if she were a princess; and indeed he so managed matters

that Manchester was quite impressed with the great alliance made by its representative merchant. Miss Pinnock's profound erudition became quite the leading topic in the smoking-rooms of the fuliginous city; and it was generally agreed that a Manchester man with unlimited gold could not do better than marry a lady of unlimited wisdom. So Manchester was disposed to be gracious; but, when the time came, Mrs. Mowbray was condescendingly gracious to Manchester.

The elderly obese opulent gentlemen who managed the Orphan Institute were very irate when they found their idol taken away by an outsider. They had been in the habit of quietly adoring the stately Angelina, who for her part received their homage with superb condescension. Probably it had now and then crossed her mind that, failing other resources, she might settle down finally in a state of complete comfort as the wife of one

of these rotund and rubicund gentlemen. They always seemed small in her commanding presence: still the ugly fact remained that they were wealthy men, and she was their paid servant. They were all bachelors and widowers, except the chaplain: he, as a point of clerical duty, had not only a wife, but also a large family of small children.

Angry as these gentlemen were, they could not well exhibit their anger. So they hypocritically professed to be delighted. They prepared an illuminated scroll, testifying to Miss Pinnock's exalted merits: it was superbly framed, and gorgeously gilt, and the lady, cherishing it much, hung it in a conspicuous place in her bedroom. The chaplain tried to write the inscription in Latin, but he broke down over a difficult subjunctive, and took refuge in Johnsonese—which indeed is the proper language for such things. No words, it will be admitted, could be too

long or too sonorous to do adequate justice to Miss Pinnock.

Nor was this all. A princess had lately been married (a thing that occurs pretty often) and conspicuous among her wedding presents had been a dressing-case of gold and turquoises. The governors of the Orphan Institute went to the jeweller who had supplied it, and obtained one of the same pattern, but even more choice and costly. The Princess Pinnock was to be superbly treated.

Ay, and it was a grand affair, her marriage. She had twelve bridesmaids. There were half a dozen girls from her first-class at the Institute—and very pretty these orphan children looked, in the snowy robes provided for them by the governors. Mowbray's Manchester friends supplied five young ladies, every one of whom was a little envious of the bride. Ethel Evelyn com-

pleted the quota. She was in a wild state that day, and did all sorts of little mischievous tricks. There was something weird about the child originally, and it had suffered no decrement among the gipsies. One of her tricks—it was very naughty, and I am sure I don't know how she got the idea—was to put some strong *liquor ammoniae* into her smelling-bottle, a splendid article, with a gold top. There is always somebody ready to faint on a wedding-day—and Ethel's smelling-bottle revived one or two syncopated young ladies much faster than they liked to be revived.

Superb was the breakfast, given by the governors of the Orphan Institute at a great West-end hotel. Magniloquent were the speeches—especially that of the chaplain, who eulogized Miss Pinnock in terms which brought tears into the eyes of all the old boys connected with the institution. Not altogether

wanting were lighter and more humorous forms of oratory. Jacob Jones junior proposed the bridesmaids, and Terrell returned thanks for them in a speech full of oddity. They were pretty, he said; they were young; they were virtuous. He might have been pretty a long time ago; he probably had been young; but certainly at no time had he been virtuous. Hence he considered himself chosen to return thanks for them on the principle of contrariety.

But all this came to an end at last. Behold, there waits outside a post-chaise from Newman's, with grey horses, and postilions wearing huge white favours. The moment of departure has arrived. Mowbray and his wife pass down the wide staircase, and across the ample hall, and enter the equipage which has to take them to the terminus. All Piccadilly turns to look at the noticeable vehicle.

Little Ethel Evelyn had given her father a parting kiss as he left the banquet. Then she ran away so fast that she eluded Mrs. Mowbray, who naturally desired to take kindly leave of her step-daughter. But there was no time to lose, so she descended with her husband.

And passionate Ethel, rushing to Miss Cust, who was in the midst of a group of ladies, exclaimed in the wildest way—

"I hate that woman! Where is Miss Gray? I want Amy Gray."

* * * * * *

Mowbray and his wife went to Paris. I am not going to follow them through their honeymoon. It is a delicate ground. Doubtless they got through their honeymoon as pleasantly as most folks, but that postnuptial time is singularly difficult where people don't marry for love. It is not always a period of perfect felicity even when they do. I cer-

tainly hold that Mowbray was wise to take his wife to Paris. It is a city of many distractions—a city of art and music, love and laughter, drives and dinners, entresols and boulevards. I like Paris. *Je dis Parisine*, as Nestor Roqueplan hath it.

The cities of Europe are many,
  Famed for sanctity, splendour, or spree;
But rarer and fairer than any,
  Is the good town of Paris to me.
I'm fond of its Boulevarts busy,
  I delight in its charming *cuisine*,
I'm amused at its politics dizzy,
    *Et j'aime Parisine.*

She's Paris's exquisite essence,
  The flower of the City of Whim;
Her laugh has champagne's effervescence,
  Her eyes make the diamond dim.
No creature on earth has excelled her,
  —Of follies fantastic the queen;
And I swear, as I pace Rue du Helder,
    *Que j'aime Parisine.*

Whatever political passion
  May make of the future of France,
Still Paris shall show us the fashion,
  And Parisine teach us to dance.
And though girls otherwhere may be prettier
  (For in England the sweetest are seen),
If you ask who's the gayer and wittier,
    *Je dis . . . Parisine.*

Not however in this spirit, as well may be imagined, did Edward Mowbray pervagate his Paris. No; with his Angelina as companion, he did things very soberly. They saw everything proper to be seen. They admired the Jardin des Plantes, the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the Arc de l'Etoile; they saw the Tuileries and the Louvre, and Notre Dame and the Madeleine; they visited Versailles, Saint Cloud, Saint Germain-en-Laye (where, of course, Mrs. Mowbray quoted the quatrain—

> C'est ici que Jacques Second,
> Sans ministres et sans maîtresse,
> Le matin allait à la messe,
> Et le soir allait au sermon.)

Fontainebleau, Sèvres [ah, how she lectured on porcelain!], Passy, Auteuil, Vincennes, Neuilly, &c., &c. Mrs. Mowbray knew all about these places, though she had never been near them before. She recognized Bagatelle, and drew a brief but caustic

sketch of the wickedness of the English Regency, when the charming villa, now almost lost amid its stables and conservatories, was built for a wager (between the Prince Regent and the Comte d'Artois) in fifty-eight days. So much useful information had surely never been at any woman's command. Mowbray, I much regret to say, got now and then a little bored; but he was a reflective man, and he was compelled to admit that it served him right. He, in his capacity of millionaire and master, had bored a great many people in his time: if now he had wedded a lady whose genius in this direction was considerably greater than his own, was it not just retribution?

Besides, he could not help acknowledging to himself that between himself and his wife there was a strong resemblance. They were cognate. They had applied the same species of talent to two different walks of life. The

same capacity which had made Mowbray a millionaire had made his wife a successful schoolmistress. It was not power, but force. How can I explain this thing? Angelina Pinnock had not taught girls well for the love of girls or for the love of knowledge; not in any degree for the delight of it, as the gardener waters and prunes his roses; but for the vanity of showing that she could do such work well, and attain for her pupils a good position in the world. Hence happened it that the very girls who profited most by her instruction, found her out soonest after they were beyond her influence.

And so with Mowbray. He was a great merchant, but he could not be a merchant-prince. Sumptuous and ornate though he was, he loved gold for its own sake and not for its uses. The great merchant who delights to find himself employer of myriads, developer of genius, patron of all liberal

arts, destroyer of pauperism, rival of kings in everything except taxation, is a glorious type of man, not unfrequent among the pure English race. Such was not Mowbray. He had no breadth of sympathy, no power of appreciation. He was liberal and splendid because it was the fashion. His mercantile business, grand in its proportions, never struck him as being a mighty engine for the popular good. He was as far from being the ideal merchant as was his wife from being the ideal schoolmistress.

Hence they suited each other. I won't say they sympathized, but they would drive well in a curricle, as my grandfather used to say. At this point, O gentle reader, please imagine a quaint sketch of a curricle [which was not unlike a mail-phaeton, I am told] with Edward and Angelina driven in the newest harness, ornate with gold.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### MISS GRIFFIN HAS HER WAY.

YES. Miss Griffin had her way. Adrian and Amy were married from Wyvern Grange. In this little island, everybody who is anybody knows everybody else—and it was soon discovered that there was some distant kinship between Ashridge Manor and Wyvern Grange. Had it indeed been otherwise, neither Adrian nor his father were the men to thwart the wish of an old lady who had been so heartily kind to Amy Gray: and so the quaint old Grange was filled with visitors—every nook and corner occupied. Indeed Lord Waynflete declared

that he and Big Dog slept together on the roof . . . but this I doubt.

They did not bring any bishops. Rosvere invited himself, to help the local parson, and was received with delight. Nor had they twelve bridesmaids: in fact, they had but two, slightly differing in age . . . Miss Griffin and Lady Mary.

"I have not been a bridesmaid for more than half a century," said the old lady. "I want to try how it feels."

"You ought to have been a bride long ago," said Métivier. "Is it too late? I am your most humble and devoted servant."

* * * * * *

The Marquis and his son were smoking cigars together in the moonlight on one of the loveliest lawns of Wyvern Grange. A soft south wind trembled through the foliage, bearing with it a fragrance of autumn.

"Do you know, Adrian," said the Mar-

quis, "I think you are doing a singularly wise thing? Your little Amy reminds me of Shakespeare's women. You can see to the bottom of her soul. And yet she is entirely without silliness. Yes, I feel sure you have chosen wisely."

"I am very certain about it," answered Adrian. "The first time I saw the child I loved her. She is exactly what a woman ought to be ... pure crystal, without a flaw or a speck. And she has that marvellous instinctive wisdom which seems to come to women who are good. Mamma quite agrees with me."

"Yes, Alice liked her at once. O, I am well satisfied, my dear boy, and quite forgive you for throwing over your cousin Amalasunde. Whether she will forgive you with equal readiness I don't know."

"There are plenty of eldest sons this season," said Lord Waynflete.

* * * * * *

While this discourse proceeded, the Marchioness was having a quiet talk with Amy Gray in her quaint old wainscoated bedchamber. The Marchioness had forgiven the *mésalliance*. She recognised in Amy the born aristocrat—the princess who needs no ancestral testimony.

"You must go to bed and get some beauty-sleep," said Lady Wraysbury. "To-morrow will soon be here."

"I am quite ready," said Amy. "I always think that Adrian and I were married when we met in the railway train, and that all this troublesome business is rather unnecessary."

"You odd girl!" said the Marchioness. "And are you sure you are not a bit afraid of Adrian?"

"Afraid! Why Adrian and I are one being. I am a part of him, you know. How should one's left hand be afraid of one's

right hand. No. I am in a state of eager expectation, of breathless wonder, I admit. I stand on the verge of something unknown. I don't know what it means . . . only I long to be his for ever."

Hereupon the Marchioness gave her young friend a wise and loving lecture on the peculiarities of that region whose frontier she was so soon to cross.

* * * * * *

It was a very quiet affair, this marriage of Adrian and Amy: but somehow everybody present was well satisfied. Everybody could see that it was a marriage of the true sort. There was—strangely enough—no one among the guests to remark that it was a pity Lord Waynflete had not chosen somebody of rank equal to his own. Even in this island of Great Britain it is possible to find persons who do not judge entirely by rank and wealth; and, curiously enough,

such persons are most easily found where rank and wealth are united. The little village church wherein the ceremony was performed stood lonely on a hill; it had not even a churchyard, though I suppose people die and are buried in that neighbourhood. It was an old flint building with a square tower; and as the windows were mere arrowslits, the service had to be performed in comparative darkness. Well, such dim religious twilight at any rate hides the blushes of the bride.

I don't know that Amy blushed. Possibly she turned pale, if she suddenly thought of the great metamorphosis she was about to undergo. On this point I decline to give an opinion. The little church was too dark for anybody to give trustworthy evidence of the bride's complexion. All I know is that the child looked charming, and made her responses in a clear soft voice as if she were

quite in earnest, and signed her old name for the last time in the vestry with a hand that was utterly untremulous.

Having so very recently described a wedding breakfast, I can hardly be expected again to travel over the same ground. Certes, there was a difference. Miss Griffin's exquisitely tasteful arrangement at Wyvern Court was not to be compared with the grand affair in the Piccadilly Hotel. Still, I must admit that there were one or two speeches: what would such a celebration be without its oratory? We English have the greatest desire and the least capacity to be orators of any race in the world. For our incapacity there are many reasons; the chief reason is that in youth we are never taught to use our own language. And in the highest and most exclusive circles English is a foreign tongue: slang is native. There are not ten men in the

House of Commons who can speak English.

I think Métivier (who, being a Frenchman, knew more English than anyone present) made the best speech on this great occasion. He proposed the health of the bridesmaids, remarked that the natural destiny of a bridesmaid was to become a bride, just as a chrysalis becomes a butterfly, and maintained that it was Miss Griffin's duty, as the senior bridesmaid, to set a good example to little Lady Mary.

Lord Waynflete did not take his wife to Paris. No: he wanted to have her all to himself for awhile; a perilous experiment, doubtless, but sometimes successful. So he carried the child off to Devonshire—to a cottage on Dartmoor, where the accommodation was primæval, yet pleasant. You know the sort of thing—or if not, I pity you. A quaint old two-storied place on the edge of the moor, with furniture of black

oak, and lavender-scented beds that seem the invention of the god of sleep. A lawn slopes to the very edge of the wild beautiful river, whose rush is heard in the midnight hours like some mystic music. Adrian, knowing that their life would for the most part be spent in great houses, in rooms lofty and spacious, with silver for the commonest metal, and servants only too prompt in their service, resolved that they would have a jolly rough honeymoon, with no luxuries but a good many inconveniences, with everything simple and rustical—a contrast to the inevitable future.. a time to be remembered. Wise, in my judgment, was this decision. He and Amy heartily enjoyed their happy sojourn in that quaint old cottage. They had Big Dog with them, and Fido—one of Miss Griffin's wedding presents. They rambled on the moor, and boated on the river; often Adrian smoked and often Amy sang.

Breakfast, not too early ... a bouquet of fish and fruit, trout from the Dart, and red mullet from the Tamar estuary, early peaches and huge golden plums—and Devonshire cream. Then away for a pleasant stroll over the moorland, Adrian carrying in his knapsack a cold bird and a bottle of some sparkling wine. In those long loitering rambles these twain explored not only Dartmoor, but one another: for mind you, the human soul is not on the instant to be fathomed. It was Charles Lamb, I fancy, who said that you might lose yourself in another man's mind just as easily as in another man's grounds. This is true. Also it is true that when you have loved and wooed and won a charming maiden, when you fancy you know her as well as you know yourself, there is almost always a limit to your discovery. Her mind is a garden of the Hesperides, full of delicious nooks and soft re-

treats which it may take you years to find out. You will walk some day into a fresh corner of her mind, and feel a sudden surprise like that which comes upon you in wandering through your demesne, when you perceive a mountain-ash on the hill-side or a stripling oak a century old that you never marked before.

*A fortiori*, this is the case on the other side. How few women know anything of the men they marry! How long it takes most of them to get into the inner circle of their husband's life! Why is this? Well, I am too far advanced in my story for a dissertation: but I may say that in the present mode of intercourse between men and women there is too much that is sophistical and affected. We are in a state of transition. The old traditions of chivalry are passing away. There is no peer of the realm now who would deem it necessary to raise his

hat when he spoke to a maidservant. On the other hand, we have not arrived at what may be called the scientific treatment of women; and unluckily, a great many women are doing their utmost to prevent this.

Pshaw! I will not be delayed by Mrs. Fawcett and her petticoated accomplices: as to her trowsered accomplices—the Winterbotham, for instance, who wants to make women *manly*—I can only regret that they were not efficiently flogged in their boyhood.

Adrian and Amy enjoyed their honeymoon in its primitive fashion. They knew more of one another every day. Adrian saw into the soul of the simple child who was his wife, and the divine simplicity refreshed him. Ay, and she brought him what he wanted. He was an indolent man, easily content, not willing to throw himself into the current of affairs. Amy gave him a stimulus. My good friend Adrian, Lord Waynflete, was

quite satisfied if he found his horses and dogs in good order; if his young oaks and beeches grew straight; if the turf upon his lawns was well weeded. He had a disposition to stand aside from matters theological and political. Amy, strange to say, though she had been immured in an orphan school and had seen singularly little of the world, was impelled by unerring instinct to urge Adrian to take an active interest in affairs.

And, odd as it may seem, she led him to this issue by a charming flattery—on her part unconscious, I doubt not. She declared that she had never heard any one speak the English language with such fluency and accuracy. She maintained that nobody else had such just views on all questions political and theological. She pictured him the leader of a great party, originated by himself, which should be aristocratic yet liberal, should combine chivalry with commerce,

should adore the ladies and encourage the engineers. These were Amy's notions: Heaven knows whence she got them.

When she had eloquently inculcated them upon her husband, in the interval between claret and coffee, he (lighting his cigar) was wont to say—

"Amy, you talk like a book. I wish a fellow could send his wife to the House of Lords instead of himself. Never mind, darling—until that happy period arrives, you shall write all my speeches."

But for all this, Amy's arguments made him determined to be of more use to England than heretofore.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### CHRISTMAS AT ASHRIDGE.

CHRISTMAS once again. Christmas without snow this time, so mild indeed that violets and the blossom of the wild strawberry were to be seen on the banks of the twin rivers, Ashe and Petteril. The two great houses were full this Christmas. The Earl and Countess of Waynflete were at home: so also were Mr. and Mrs. Mowbray. Guests innumerable were at both houses. In the valley between them it was hard to see which was most brilliant.

In that same valley, by the way, there had been symptoms of reconciliation. Burton

and Flanagan had become acquainted—each worthy landlord finding that his rival was not half so bad a fellow as he had pictured him. The mediatrix was Eliza Avery, concerning whom the village bard (there is always a village bard) had concocted Cockney rhymes:

> Every year younger, every year wiser,
> Such is the doom of the wondrous Eliza.
>
> She's the whole parish's help and adviser:
> Even the parson depends on Eliza.
>
> When she's hard up she is never a miser;
> Beggars and dogs are too fond of Eliza.
>
> What in the world do you think would surprise her?
> Not even an offer to marry Eliza.

Miss Avery, who lectures all the men of the parish, feeds the old women, and is godmother to most of the babies, had come to the conclusion that after two fortunate marriages there ought to be an end of all feud. Besides, the news had reached her that it was her favourite Adrian who had restored

to Squire Mowbray his daughter; and it naturally seemed to her that there should thereafter be pacific relations. But she did not know that Lord Waynflete had taken the little lady whom Mowbray longed to marry.

Pacific were the relations, however. The Marquis, though he did not specially admire some of Mowbray's visitors, was willing to be on easy terms with his neighbour. There were reciprocities. Jacob Jones, junior, found himself in the company of men and women whose movements were chronicled in the *Morning Post*, and was somewhat reduced in his own estimation thereby. The D'Orsay of Manchester became a mere nonentity in the presence of the leader of London fashion. Mowbray himself, having received so great a benefit from Lord Waynflete, could not well maintain any quarrel with him: besides, Mrs. Mowbray, who had

already begun to manage her husband, was the Countess of Waynflete's friend and protectress, don't you see? This was the *rôle* she decided to play, at any rate.

But Amy Gray, now metamorphosed into Amy Waynflete, was not going to stand that sort of thing. Perchance it might have been otherwise, if a certain letter had not been intercepted: this, however, sufficed to make our little Countess very resolute. So, when she and her preceptress met again, what think you happened?

"My darling Amy,"—rather gushing was the preceptress—"I am so delighted to meet you again, so happily situated. And it is so extremely pleasant to think that we shall be near neighbours and good friends."

The little Countess drew herself up in such stately fashion, that Mrs. Mowbray was dwarfed in her presence. There was a keen light in Amy's eyes as she said—

"Do you remember intercepting a letter of mine, Mrs. Mowbray? When you have apologized for that unjustifiable act I shall be prepared to consider our future relations. You might have done great harm on that occasion."

Mrs. Mowbray cringed and collapsed. She offered her apology in a way so abject that Amy was disgusted at having to accept it. But she was desirous that there should be peace at Ashridge—and she curtly professed herself satisfied. I need hardly say that to this moment Mrs. Mowbray hates her with the bitterest hatred. Still, the older lady is always very affectionate to the younger, and speaks of her patronizingly, and takes credit in Manchester for having made her a Countess.

Mr. Mowbray does his best not to think about Amy. And, if he only knew it, there are other people as badly off as he is. For

here is manly sunburnt Hugh Delamere at Ashridge, and passionate Marigold is now Mrs. Delamere, and shows not the slightest disposition to strangle Amy. Meanwhile Lady Mary and Ethel Evelyn are great friends, as you may suppose: indeed, Ethel is teaching her little comrade how to beat the tambourine and play the flageolet and clash the castanets. In these arts Lady Mary has become proficient, to the intense delight of the Marquis: but at the same time she is sorrowful, for she cannot get any stilts. Even Miss Avery will not tell her where to buy a pair of stilts.

Ponsonby is here, in a high state of epigrammatic Toryism. This is his last production:

> With Tories in office, then Gladstone's a roamer,
> Who sees Trinitarian doctrines in Homer:
> When Liberals are potent to crush and to grovel,
> Disraeli the brilliant has time for a novel.
> So, though bound by a stolid majority's fetters,
> What we lose in Affairs we gain doubly in Letters.

Métivier and Terrell became very great

cronies—both Bohemians, though in different grooves. They had much pleasant confabulation: the magnesium lamp burnt late at the Hut when the Bohemian barrister walked home with the Hermit, which happened pretty often. But there was a sudden decrease of this frequency, and this was how it occurred.

One evening, in the saloon at Ashridge, there came between the ordinary musical phenomena—the operatic solos and Christy Minstrel ballads—a Spanish song with a guitar. Olive Waynflete sang; the tune was caught from the gipsies, and the words were her own. Terrell, sitting meditatively in a corner, was stirred by the strange melody uttered in contralto: he looked at the singer. It was enough.

Thereafter he became Olive's frequent companion: she, the daughter of a Bohemian father, was not unlikely to accept a

Bohemian suitor. But Terrell, while he enjoyed her society to the utmost, was singularly reticent in his conversation. He made no love to the little half-gipsy. He talked to her: she sang to him. Meanwhile he was trying his old friends. A pupil of his, a man who would never have been a lawyer, without the aid of Terrell's brain, had just been placed on the Woolsack; our Bohemian expected gratitude from the new Lord Chancellor, and was not disappointed. When he saw twelve hundred a year certain before him, he told the story of his love to Olive Waynflete.

"Do you really mean it?" she said.

You may guess his emphatic affirmative.

"Well," said Olive, "it is very good of you. And I love you very much. And if we should be very poor indeed, we can go back to the gipsies, you know. I am sure you would make a capital gipsy."

But when the matter came before the Marquis, who was rather pleased about it, recognizing in Terrell a superiority not perceptible in Terrell's friend Mowbray, it appeared that poverty was not likely to come upon them. Lord Oliver had left his daughter property to the value of about two hundred thousand pounds. The Bohemian barrister was astounded by the magnitude of his responsibility.

* * * * * *

It is midnight. The full moon is throwing its silver light across the lawn. The bright spaces and heavy shadows intermingle mysteriously: it seems as if there must be fairies at work in that lime avenue, through which the west wind whispers. I am sorry to lay down my pen. I am sorry to bid farewell to Adrian and Amy.

THE END.

# MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

---

## VOLS. III. & IV. of HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.

By W. HEPWORTH DIXON, author of "New America," "Free Russia," &c. DEDICATED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION TO THE QUEEN. Completing the Work. Demy 8vo.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF SOCIETY IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

By Lady Clementina Davies. 2 v. crown 8vo.

## LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COUNT BEUGNOT,

Minister of State under Napoleon I. Edited from the French. By Miss C. M. Yonge, author of the "Heir of Redclyffe," &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

## IMPRESSIONS OF GREECE.

By the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Wyse, K.C.B., Late British Minister at Athens. Demy 8vo.

## LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILIAM BEWICK, THE ARTIST.

By Thomas Landseer, A.E. 2 vols. 8vo, with Portrait by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

## TURKISH HAREMS & CIRCASSIAN HOMES.

By Mrs. Harvey, of Ickwell Bury. 8vo, with Coloured Illustrations.

## ANNALS OF OXFORD.

By J. C. Jeaffreson, B.A., Oxon. Author of "A Book About the Clergy," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s. *(Now Ready.)*

Contents:—The Cross Keys; King Alfred's Expulsion from Oxford; Chums and Inmates; Classical Schools and Benefactions; Schools and Scholars; On Learning and certain Incentives to it; Colleges and Halls; Structural Newness of Oxford; Arithmetic gone Mad; Reduction of the Estimates; A Happy Family; Town and Gown; Death to the Legate's Cook; The Great Riot; St. Scholastica; King's College Chapel used as a Playhouse; St. Mary's Church; Ladies in Residence; Gownswomen of the 17th Century; The Birch in the Bodleian; Aularian Rigour; Royal Smiles: Tudor, Georgian, Elizabeth and Stuart; Royal Pomps; Oxford in Arms; The Cavaliers in Oxford; Henrietta Maria's Triumph and Oxford's Capitulation; The Saints Triumphant; Cromwellian Oxford; Alma Mater in the Days of the Merry Monarch; The Sheldonian Theatre; Gardens and Walks; Oxford Jokes and Sausages; Terræ Filii; The Constitution Club; Nicholas Amhurst; Commemoration; Oxford in the Future.

"The pleasantest and most informing book about Oxford that has ever been written. Whilst these volumes will be eagerly perused by the sons of Alma Mater, they will be read with scarcely less interest by the general reader."—*Post.*

# MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S LIST OF NEW WORKS.

## FAIR FRANCE: Impressions of a Traveller.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c. 1 vol. 8vo. 15s.

"A book of value and importance, and which is very agreeable reading. It is bright and spirited, and evinces as much as ever the acuteness of perception and the powers of observation of the writer."—*Post.*

"A pleasant book, conceived in a large, kindly, and liberal spirit."—*Daily News.*

"This volume will be found pleasant reading."—*Athenæum.*

"A good book on France is just now most welcome, and this is emphatically a good book. It is charmingly readable."—*Globe.*

"This is a truly fascinating volume. The book has nothing to do with the present crisis. It is *La Belle France*:—Paris, with its quiet churches and its gay carnival crowds, and the old provincial cities like Caen and Chartres—that is here described as it was before the black waves of invasion rolled over the land. Years must pass before it will be possible for any to see Fair France as our author was privileged to see her; and this lends a special interest to the pictures here presented to us. There is much that is very beautiful and charming in these recollections. This it is hardly necessary to say to any who know and can appreciate the author of 'John Halifax.' "—*Echo.*

## A HUNTER'S ADVENTURES IN THE GREAT WEST.

By Parker Gillmore ("Ubique"), author of "Gun, Rod, and Saddle," &c. 1 vol. 8vo, with Illustrations. 15s.

"A good volume of sports and spirited adventure. We have thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Gillmore's work. It would be difficult to speak in too high terms of his pluck, enterprise and energy."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"An interesting, amusing, and instructive book."—*Examiner.*

"A volume of exceeding interest, full of exciting and spiritedly told adventure."—*Sunday Times.*

"An agreeable and interesting book."—*Observer.*

"Mr. Gillmore is a keen sportsman and a fearless explorer. His work is full of interest and adventure, and is as well written as it is amusing."—*Messenger.*

## A TOUR ROUND ENGLAND.

By Walter Thornbury. 2 vols. post 8vo, with Illustrations. 24s.

"Mr. Thornbury is deservedly popular as a pleasant, genial writer, and has written two most amusing volumes on some of the most interesting places in England, which we have read with considerable interest, and can heartily recommend."—*Examiner.*

"All who know Mr. Thornbury's racy, vivid, and vigorous style, and his pleasant and graceful way of presenting information to the reader, will be sure to become familiar with his travels through England."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"The reader can scarcely fail to find in this book many picturesque incidents and legendary anecdotes alike new and entertaining."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"English tourists should get Mr. Thornbury's charming book. It contains a large amount of topographical, historical, and social gossip."—*Sun.*

"This book is certain to be popular, and deserves to be widely circulated. It abounds in entertaining and valuable information and really interesting reminiscences. It is rich in anecdote, history, and local traditions. The work, too, is emphatically a useful one, affording reading at once light and pleasant, and profitable and instructive. It is the very book for all sorts of Book Societies and Libraries, and will come in admirably for seaside reading."—*Literary World.*

# MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

## FREE RUSSIA. By W. Hepworth Dixon, Author of "New America," "Her Majesty's Tower," &c. *Third Edition.*

2 vols. 8vo, with Coloured Illustrations. 30s.

"Mr. Dixon's book will be certain not only to interest but to please its readers and it deserves to do so. It contains a great deal that is worthy of attention, and is likely to produce a very useful effect. The ignorance of the English people with respect to Russia has long been so dense that we cannot avoid being grateful to a writer who has taken the trouble to make personal acquaintance with that seldom-visited land, and to bring before the eyes of his countrymen a picture of its scenery and its people, which is so novel and interesting that it can scarcely fail to arrest their attention."—*Saturday Review.*

"We claim for Mr. Dixon the merit of having treated his subject in a fresh and original manner. He has done his best to see with his own eyes the vast country which he describes, and he has visited some parts of the land with which few even among its natives are familiar, and he has had the advantage of being brought into personal contact with a number of those Russians whose opinions are of most weight. The consequence is, that he has been able to lay before general readers such a picture of Russia and the Russian people as cannot fail to interest them."—*Athenæum.*

"Mr. Dixon has invented a good title for his volumes on Russia. The chapter on Lomonosoff, the peasant poet, is one of the best in the book, and the chapter on Kief is equally good. He gives an interesting and highly picturesque account of the working of the jury system in a case which he himself saw tried. The descriptions of the peasant villages, and of the habits and manners of the peasantry, are very good; in fact, the descriptions are excellent throughout the work."—*Times.*

"Mr. Dixon has succeeded in producing a book which is at once highly valuable and eminently readable. In our judgment it is superior to any work that has proceeded from Mr. Dixon's pen, and we heartily recommend it to our readers. The information he conveys is very great, his judgments are evidently the result of much reflection, and his style is singularly forcible and picturesque."—*Standard.*

"We heartily commend these volumes to all who wish either for instruction or relaxation."—*Examiner.*

"In these picturesque and fascinating volumes, Mr. Dixon carries his readers over a wide range of country, from the Arctic Sea to the southern slopes of the Ural range, from the straits of Yenikale to the Gulf of Riga, and, by the force of brisk, nervous and picturesque language, makes them realize the scenery, manners, politics, poetry of every mile of ground over which he conducts them."—*Morning Post.*

"Mr. Dixon's 'Free Russia,' is another valuable addition to the books of travel which he has given us. It reveals to our view the great mysterious people of Eastern Europe."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"This is a more important and remarkable work upon the great Muscovite Empire than any foreign traveller has ever even attempted, much less accomplished. Thanks to the writer of these splendid volumes, 'Free Russia' is brought clearly, boldly, vividly, comprehensively, and yet minutely, within the ken of every intelligent reading Englishman. The book is in many parts as enthralling as a romance, besides being full of life and character."—*Sun.*

"We are bound to award to Mr. Dixon the highest praise for the skill with which he has constructed a book at once full of interest and information. 'Free Russia' differs widely from an ordinary book of travels; for, in place of being a mere itinerary, it is a masterly analysis of Russian society in its more salient points."—*Observer.*

"'Free Russia' is one of the most remarkable books that has ever been written in our times, of the value of which it is impossible to speak in terms too highly commendatory."—*Messenger.*

"Mr. Dixon is delightfully readable. 'Free Russia' has afforded us a great deal of pleasure. It is the best work of its clever and versatile author."—*Illustrated News.*

# MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

## VOL. I. OF HER MAJESTY'S TOWER. By W. HEPWORTH DIXON. DEDICATED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION TO THE QUEEN. *Sixth Edition.* Demy 8vo. 15s.

Contents:—The Pile—Inner Ward and Outer Ward—The Wharf—River Rights—The White Tower—Charles of Orleans—Uncle Gloucester—Prison Rules—Beauchamp Tower—The good Lord Cobham—King and Cardinal—The Pilgrimage of Grace—Madge Cheyne—Heirs to the Crown—The Nine Days' Queen—Dethroned—The Men of Kent—Courtney—No Cross no Crown—Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley—White Roses—Princess Margaret—Plot and Counterplot—Monsieur Charles—Bishop of Ross—Murder of Northumberland—Philip the Confessor—Mass in the Tower—Sir Walter Raleigh—The Arabella Plot—Raleigh's Walk—The Villain Waad—The Garden House—The Brick Tower.

"From first to last this volume overflows with new information and original thought, with poetry and picture. In these fascinating pages Mr. Dixon discharges alternately the functions of the historian, and the historic biographer, with the insight, art, humour and accurate knowledge which never fail him when he undertakes to illumine the darksome recesses of our national story."—*Morning Post.*

"We earnestly recommend this remarkable volume to those in quest of amusement and instruction, at once solid and refined. It is a most eloquent and graphic historical narrative, by a ripe scholar and an accomplished master of English diction, and a valuable commentary on the social aspect of mediæval and Tudor civilization. In Mr. Dixon's pages are related some of the most moving records of human flesh and blood to which human ear could listen."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"It is needless to say that Mr. Dixon clothes the gray stones of the old Tower with a new and more living interest than most of us have felt before. It is needless to say that the stories are admirably told, for Mr. Dixon's style is full of vigour and liveliness, and he would make a far duller subject than this tale of tragic suffering and heroism into an interesting volume. This book is as fascinating as a good novel, yet it has all the truth of veritable history."—*Daily News.*

"It is impossible to praise too highly this most entrancing history. A better book has seldom, and a brighter one has never, been issued to the world by any master of the delightful art of historic illustration."—*Star.*

"We can highly recommend Mr. Dixon's work. It will enhance his reputation. The whole is charmingly written, and there is a life, a spirit, and a reality about the sketches of the celebrated prisoners of the Tower, which give the work the interest of a romance. 'Her Majesty's Tower' is likely to become one of the most popular contributions to history."—*Standard.*

"In many respects this noble volume is Mr. Dixon's masterpiece. The book is a microcosm of our English history; and throughout it is penned with an eloquence as remarkable for its vigorous simplicity as for its luminous picturesqueness. It more than sustains Mr. Dixon's reputation. It enhances it."—*Sun.*

"This is a work of great value. It cannot fail to be largely popular and to maintain its author's reputation. It bears throughout the marks of careful study, keen observation, and that power of seizing upon those points of a story that are of real importance, which is the most precious possession of the historian. To all historic documents, ancient and modern, Mr. Dixon has had unequalled facilities of access, and his work will in future be the trusted and popular history of the Tower. He has succeeded in giving a splendid panorama of English history."—*Globe.*

"This charming volume will be the most permanently popular of all Mr. Dixon's works. Under the treatment of so practised a master of our English tongue the story of the Tower becomes more fascinating than the daintiest of romances."—*Examiner.*

# MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

## VOL. II. OF HER MAJESTY'S TOWER. By W. HEPWORTH DIXON. DEDICATED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION TO THE QUEEN. *Sixth Edition.* Demy 8vo. 15s.

Contents:—The Anglo-Spanish Plot—Factions at Court—Lord Grey of Wilton—Old English Catholics—The English Jesuits—White Webbs—The Priests' Plot—Wilton Court—Last of a Noble Line—Powder-Plot Room—Guy Fawkes—Origin of the Plot—Vinegar House—Conspiracy at Large—The Jesuit's Move—In London—November, 1605—Hunted Down—In the Tower—Search for Garnet—End of the English Jesuits—The Catholic Lords—Harry Percy—The Wizard Earl—A Real Arabella Plot—William Seymour—The Escape—Pursuit—Dead in the Tower—Lady Frances Howard—Robert Carr—Powder Poisoning.

From the Times:—"All the civilized world—English, Continental, and American—takes an interest in the Tower of London. The Tower is the stage upon which has been enacted some of the grandest dramas and saddest tragedies in our national annals. If, in imagination, we take our stand on those time-worn walls, and let century after century flit past us, we shall see in due succession the majority of the most famous men and lovely women of England in the olden time. We shall see them jesting, jousting, love-making, plotting, and then anon, perhaps, commending their souls to God in the presence of a hideous masked figure, bearing an axe in his hands. It is such pictures as these that Mr. Dixon, with considerable skill as an historical limner, has set before us in these volumes. Mr. Dixon dashes off the scenes of Tower history with great spirit. His descriptions are given with such terseness and vigour that we should spoil them by any attempt at condensation. As favourable examples of his narrative powers we may call attention to the story of the beautiful but unpopular Elinor, Queen of Henry III., and the description of Anne Boleyn's first and second arrivals at the Tower. Then we have the story of the bold Bishop of Durham, who escapes by the aid of a cord hidden in a wine-jar; and the tale of Maud Fitzwalter, imprisoned and murdered by the caitiff John. Passing onwards, we meet Charles of Orleans, the poetic French Prince, captured at Agincourt, and detained for five-and-twenty years a prisoner in the Tower. Next we encounter the baleful form of Richard of Gloucester, and are filled with indignation at the blackest of the black Tower deeds. As we draw nearer to modern times, we have the sorrowful story of the Nine Days' Queen, poor little Lady Jane Grey. The chapter entitled "No Cross, no Crown" is one of the most affecting in the book. A mature man can scarcely read it without feeling the tears ready to trickle from his eyes. No part of the first volume yields in interest to the chapters which are devoted to the story of Sir Walter Raleigh. The greater part of the second volume is occupied with the story of the Gunpowder Plot. The narrative is extremely interesting, and will repay perusal. Another *cause celèbre* possessed of a perennial interest, is the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury by Lord and Lady Somerset. Mr. Dixon tells the tale skilfully. In conclusion, we may congratulate the author on this, his latest work. Both volumes are decidedly attractive, and throw much light on our national history, but we think the palm of superior interest must be awarded to the second volume."

From the Athenæum:—"The present volume is superior in sustained interest to that by which it was preceded. The whole details are so picturesquely narrated, that the reader is carried away by the narrative. The stories are told with such knowledge of new facts as to make them like hitherto unwritten chapters in our history."

From the Morning Post:—"This volume fascinates the reader's imagination and stimulates his curiosity, whilst throwing floods of pure light on several of the most perplexing matters of James the First's reign. Not inferior to any of the author's previous works of history in respect of discernment and logical soundness, it equals them in luminous expression, and surpasses some of them in romantic interest."

# MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

## THE SEVENTH VIAL; or, THE TIME OF TROUBLE BEGUN, as shown in THE GREAT WAR, THE DETHRONEMENT OF THE POPE, and other Collateral Events. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., &c. *Third Edition.* 1 vol. 6s.

"A deeply interesting work. We commend it to all who wish for able and honest assistance in understanding the signs of the times."—*Record.*

"This book is intensely interesting from beginning to end, and is marked throughout by the same earnest and conscientious tone which characterises all Dr. Cumming's writings on this, his favourite subject."—*London Scotsman.*

## A BOOK ABOUT THE CLERGY. By J. C. Jeaffreson, B.A., Oxon, author of "A Book about Lawyers," "A Book about Doctors," &c. *Second Edition.* 2 vols 8vo. 30s.

"This is a book of sterling excellence, in which all—laity as well as clergy—will find entertainment and instruction: a book to be bought and placed permanently in our libraries. It is written in a terse and lively style throughout, it is eminently fair and candid, and is full of interesting information on almost every topic that serves to illustrate the history of the English clergy. There are many other topics of interest treated of in Mr. Jeaffreson's beguiling volumes; but the specimens we have given will probably induce our readers to consult the book itself for further information. If, in addition to the points already indicated in this article, they wish to learn why people built such large churches in the Middle Ages, when the population was so much smaller than now; why university tutors and dignitaries are called 'dons,' and priests in olden times were called 'sirs;' if they wish to read a good account of the *rationale* of trials and executions for heresy; if they wish t know something of Church plays and 'Church ales;' if they wish to read a smashing demolition of Macaulay's famous chapter on the clergy, or an interesting account of mediæval preaching and preachers, or the origin of decorating churches, or the observance of Sunday in Saxon and Elizabethan times, or a fair *résumé* of the 'Ikon Basilike' controversy—if they wish information on any or all of these and many other subjects, they cannot do better than order 'A Book about the Clergy' without delay. Mr. Jeaffreson writes so well that it is a pleasure to read him."—*Times.*

"Honest praise may be awarded to these volumes. Mr. Jeaffreson has collected a large amount of curious information, and a rich store of facts not readily to be found elsewhere. The book will please, and it deserves to please, those who like picturesque details and pleasant gossip."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"In Mr. Jeaffreson's book every chapter bears marks of research, diligent investigation, and masterly views. We only hope our readers will for themselves spend on these amusing and well-written volumes the time and care they so well deserve, for turn where we will, we are sure to meet with something to arrest the attention, and gratify the taste for pleasant, lively, and instructive reading."—*Standard.*

## A BOOK ABOUT LAWYERS. By J. C. Jeaffreson, Barrister-at-Law, author of 'A Book about Doctors,' &c. New, Revised, and Cheaper Edition. 2 vols. post 8vo. 24s.

"'A Book about Lawyers' deserves to be very popular. Mr. Jeaffreson has accomplished his work in a very creditable manner. He has taken pains to collect information from persons as well as from books, and he writes with a sense of keen enjoyment which greatly enhances the reader's pleasure. He introduces us to Lawyerdom under a variety of phases—we have lawyers in arms, lawyers on horseback, lawyers in love, and lawyers in Parliament. We are told of their salaries and fees, their wigs and gowns, their jokes and gaieties. We meet them at home and abroad, in court, in chambers, and in company. In the chapters headed 'Mirth,' the author has gathered together a choice sheaf of anecdotes from the days of More down to Erskine and Eldon."—*Times.*

"These volumes will afford pleasure and instruction to all who read them, and they will increase the reputation which Mr. Jeaffreson has already earned by his large industry and great ability.'—*Athenæum.*

# MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

## A CRUISE IN GREEK WATERS; with a Hunting Excursion in Tunis. By Capt. Townshend, 2nd Life Guards. 1 vol. 8vo, with Illustrations. 15s.

"Capt. Townshend writes about the foreign lands he has visited with good humour and intelligence. His pictures of life in Algiers are vivid and truthful, and his narrative of boar-hunting in Tunis is especially worthy of notice."—*Athenæum.*

"A thoroughly pleasant and agreeable book, full of picturesque descriptions of notable places, and the present condition, and appearance of some of the most interesting countries of Europe."—*Examiner.*

"The most attractive and interesting book of travels of the season, full of acute observation, picturesque description, and exciting adventure."—*United Service Mag.*

## A RAMBLE INTO BRITTANY. By the Rev. G. Musgrave, M.A., Oxon. 2 vols., with Illustrations. 24s.

"Mr. Musgrave is a man of considerable information, and good powers of observation. His book is interesting and amusing. He sketches the Breton landscapes with force and spirit."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Mr. Musgrave always writes pleasantly, and manages to combine instruction and entertainment in very agreeable proportions."—*Examiner.*

"A valuable, pleasant, and instructive book."—*Post.*

## WILD LIFE AMONG THE KOORDS. By Major F. Millingen, F.R.G.S. 8vo, with Illustrations. 15s.

"Major Millingen's interesting volume reads pleasantly as a journal of travel in districts never that we know described before. Major Millingen is a shrewd observer. He gives an interesting account of the Koords, and describes the magnificent scenery of the country with skill and felicity."—*Saturday Review.*

"This book is amusing, and the more valuable as accounts of Koordistan are scarce."—*Athenæum.*

"A thoroughly interesting work, which we heartily recommend."—*Examiner.*

## TRAVELS OF A NATURALIST IN JAPAN AND MANCHURIA. By Arthur Adams, F.L.S., Staff-Surgeon R.N. 1 vol. 8vo, with Illustrations. 15s.

"An amusing volume. Mr. Adams has acquired a body of interesting information, which he has set forth in a lively and agreeable style. The book will be a favourite with naturalists, and is calculated to interest others as well."—*Daily News*

"A very good book of its kind. The author is an enthusiastic naturalist, taking especial interest in entomology. He is also quick to observe the physical aspects of nature, and the leading characteristics of the people he visits. He has come across some very humorous incidents in his travels, and these he always describes in a lively and amusing style."—*Globe.*

## EASTERN PILGRIMS: the Travels of Three Ladies. By Agnes Smith. 1 vol. 8vo, with Illustrations. 15s.

"A pleasantly written record of Eastern Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Palestine, and Greece. Written by a lady, and narrating the pilgrimage of ladies, it has an interest of its own. The tone is devout, and altogether the book deserves our warm commendation."—*Record.*

## MY HOLIDAY IN AUSTRIA. By Lizzie Selina Eden. 1 vol. post 8vo, with Illustrations. 10s. 6d.

"A pleasantly-written volume."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Miss Eden enjoyed her holiday, and her readers will share her pleasure. Her work is easy and fluent in style, lively and pleasant in matter."—*Athenæum.*

"A frankly written and chatty account of a very pleasant holiday in the Austrian Tyrol."—*Saturday Review.*

# MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

## LIFE AND REMAINS OF ROBERT LEE, D.D.,

F.R.S.E., Minister of the Church and Parish of Old Greyfriars, Professor of Biblical Criticism and Antiquities in the University of Edinburgh, Dean of the Chapel Royal of Holyrood, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. By Robert Herbert Story, Minister of Rosneath; with an Introductory Chapter by Mrs. Oliphant, author of "The Life of the Rev. Edward Irving," &c. 2 vols. demy 8vo, with Portrait. 30s.

"We need make no apology to our readers for calling their attention to the life and writings of a man who, by the force and energy of his character, has left an indelible mark on the annals of his country. It is but a small thing for a man to leave a mere name behind him, even though that name be famous; it is a far higher merit to bequeath to posterity a living influence, and this Dr. Lee has certainly accomplished. We cordially commend the perusal of this book to everybody."—*Times.*

"This memoir fulfils one of the best uses of biography, in making us acquainted not only with a man of remarkable character, talent, and energy, but in throwing light upon a very distinct phase of society. It is a very curious and important chapter of contemporary history, as well as the story of a good and able life, devoted to the service of God and man."—*Spectator.*

## SPIRITUAL WIVES. By W. Hepworth Dixon,

Author of 'New America,' &c. Fourth Edition, with A New Preface. 2 vols. 8vo. With Portrait of the Author. 30s.

"Mr. Dixon has treated his subject in a philosophical spirit, and in his usual graphic manner. There is, to our thinking, more pernicious doctrine in one chapter of some of the sensational novels which find admirers in drawing-rooms and eulogists in the press than in the whole of Mr. Dixon's interesting work."—*Examiner.*

"No more wondrous narrative of human passion and romance, no stranger contribution to the literature of psychology than Mr. Dixon's book has been published since man first began to seek after the laws that govern the moral and intellectual life of the human race. To those readers who seek in current literature the pleasures of intellectual excitement we commend it as a work that affords more entertainment than can be extracted from a score of romances. But its power to amuse is less noteworthy than its instructiveness on matters of highest moment. 'Spiritual Wives' will be studied with no less profit than interest."—*Morning Post.*

## LUCREZIA BORGIA, Duchess of Ferrara; A

Biography: Illustrated by Rare and Unpublished Documents. By William Gilbert. 2 vols. post 8vo, with Portrait. 21s.

"A very interesting study of the character of Lucrezia Borgia. Mr. Gilbert has done good service in carefully investigating the evidence on which the charges rest which have been brought against her, and his researches are likely to produce the more effect inasmuch as their results have been described in a manner likely to prove generally interesting. His clear and unaffected style is admirably adapted for biography. That Mr. Gilbert will succeed in amusing and interesting his readers may be safely predicted."—*Saturday Review.*

## THE LIFE OF ROSSINI. By H. Sutherland

Edwards. 1 vol. 8vo, with fine Portrait. 15s.

"An eminently interesting, readable, and trustworthy book. Mr. Edwards was instinctively looked to for a life of Rossini, and the result is a very satisfactory one. The salient features of Rossini's life and labours are grouped in admirable order; and the book, while it conveys everything necessary to an accurate idea of its subject, is as interesting as a novel."—*Sunday Times.*

"Rossini's life has been well written by Mr. Edwards. It will amuse everybody."—*Telegraph.*

# MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

## FRANCIS THE FIRST IN CAPTIVITY AT MADRID, and other Historic Studies. By A. Baillie Cochrane, M.P. *Second Edition.* 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"A pleasant, interesting, and entertaining work."—*Daily News.*

"These eloquent volumes contain three interesting and instructive studies: 'Francis the First,' 'The Council of Blood,' and 'The Flight of Varennes.' It will not lessen the attraction of their bright pages that the author deals mainly with the romantic elements of these historical passages."—*Morning Post.*

## PRINCE CHARLES AND THE SPANISH MARRIAGE: A Chapter of English History, 1617 to 1623; from Unpublished Documents in the Archives of Simancas, Venice, and Brussels. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

"We commend Mr. Gardiner's volumes to all students of history. They have the merit of being forcibly and ably written; and they present intelligent, graphic, and reliable pictures of the period to which they relate."—*Examiner.*

## THE GLADSTONE GOVERNMENT: Being CABINET PICTURES. By a Templar. 1 vol. demy 8vo. 14s.

"This acceptable book is sure to be in demand, for it supplies just such information as general readers like to have about men of mark."—*Athenæum.*

## ELEPHANT HAUNTS: being a Sportsman's Narrative of the Search for Dr. Livingstone, with Scenes of Elephant, Buffalo, and Hippopotamus Hunting. By Henry Faulkner, late 17th Lancers. 1 vol. 8vo, with Illustrations. 15s.

## A TRIP TO THE TROPICS, AND HOME THROUGH AMERICA. By the Marquis of Lorne. *Second Edition.* 1 vol. 8vo, with Illustrations. 15s.

"The tone of Lord Lorne's book is thoroughly healthy and vigorous, and his remarks upon men and things are well-reasoned and acute."—*Times.*

## MEMOIRS OF QUEEN HORTENSE, MOTHER OF NAPOLEON III. Cheaper Edition, in 1 vol. 6s.

"A biography of the beautiful and unhappy Queen, more satisfactory than any we have yet met with."—*Daily News.*

## THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE AND ART. By Mrs. Ellis. Author of 'The Women of England,' &c. 1 vol. crown 8vo, with fine Portrait. 10s. 6d.

## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. . By Cardinal Wiseman. 1 vol. 8vo, 5s.

## FAIRY FANCIES. By Lizzie Selina Eden. Illustrated by the Marchioness of Hastings. 1 vol. 10s. 6d.

"'The Wandering Lights'—the first of the 'Fairy Fancies'—is a more beautiful production, truer to the inspiration of Nature, and more likely to be genuinely attractive to the imagination of childhood, than the famous 'Story without an End.'"—*Examiner.*

"'The Princess Ilse' is a story which is perfectly charming. It has great beauty and a real human interest."—*Athenæum.*

# THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS,

## PUBLISHED BY HURST & BLACKETT.

---

MARTHA. By WILLIAM GILBERT, author of "Shirley Hall Asylum," &c. 3 vols.

CHECKMATE. By J. SHERIDAN LE FANU, author of "Uncle Silas," &c. 3 vols.

TWO FAIR DAUGHTERS. By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., author of "Bella Donna," &c. 3 vols.

"A very attractive and enthralling tale. It is one of the most brilliant achievements of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's pen. The character of the Doctor is a masterpiece, and his two daughters are as charming and delightful heroines as novel reader could desire."—*Sun.*

RODERICK. By the Author of "John Arnold," &c. 3 vols.

MY LITTLE LADY. 3 vols.

"This book is full of life and colour. The scenes in which the incidents are laid pourtray the experiences of a mind well stored to begin with, and quick to receive impressions of grace and beauty. Finally, there is not a line in it that might not be read aloud in the family circle."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"This story presents a number of vivid and very charming pictures. Indeed, the whole book is charming. It is interesting in both character and story, and thoroughly good of its kind."—*Saturday Review.*

"A book which can be read with genuiue pleasure. The aim of the story is high and its moral excellent, and the 'Little Lady' is thoroughly worthy of her name." *Athenæum.*

"One of the most remarkable and most interesting tales which has been for some time submitted to the public."—*Morning Post.*

DRAWN FROM LIFE. By ARCHIBALD FORBES, Special Military Correspondent of the Daily News. 3 vols.

"We cordially recommend this book. It certainly merits success. Our author, the excellent special correspondent of the Daily News, a Highlander, describes Highland life with accuracy; a soldier, he depicts a soldier's career with spirit. The narrative, moreover, is exciting and romantic."—*Athenæum.*

"A healthy, manly book, which interests by its honest purpose and by its graphic delineations of scenes which we can readily believe are all drawn from life."—*Examiner.*

"A thoroughly well written and interesting story."—*Daily News.*

DIARY OF A NOVELIST. By the Author of "Rachel's Secret," "Nature's Nobleman," &c. 1 vol.

"There is much to like about this book. It is graceful, feminine, and unaffected; the writing is lucid and fluent, and we put down the book with a most favourable impression."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*——"A book to read, not once, but many times. All who can do so should possess it for themselves."—*Literary World.*

THE VILLAGE OF THE WEST. By R. W. BADDELEY. 3 vols.

"This novel comes up to the highest standard we could fix. It raises an interest from the beginning which never for a moment flags. It is replete with incident, and the author's perception of character is most clear and accurate."—*Messenger.*

QUEEN OF HERSELF. By ALICE KING. 3 vols.

"Miss King writes gracefully and with good purpose. Her novels are always interesting, and 'Queen of Herself' is true, vivid, and marked by unusual power." —*Examiner.*——"A story of the very best class."—*Messenger.*

# THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS,
## PUBLISHED BY HURST & BLACKETT.

---

### SIR HARRY HOTSPUR. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,
author of "Framley Parsonage," &c. 1 vol. 10s. 6d.

"In this novel we are glad to recognise a return to what we must call Mr. Trollope's old form. The characters are drawn with vigour and boldness, and the book may do good to many readers of both sexes."—*Times.*

"'Sir Harry Hotspur,' it appears to us, is decidedly more successful than any other of Mr. Trollope's shorter stories. The author has shown in this brilliant novelette that he can interest his readers by rapid and direct sketching as well as by the minute details and patient evolution of little traits of character that mark his larger works. No reader who begins to read this book will lay it down until the last page is turned."—*Athenæum.*

"A novel of remarkable power."—*Examiner.*

"One of Mr. Trollope's very best tales."—*Spectator.*

### THE THREE BROTHERS. By MRS. OLIPHANT,
author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "Salem Chapel," &c. 3 v.

"The novel-reading public may look forward to no small pleasure in the perusal of this latest issue of one of their best and favourite writers. It is bright and sparkling, and full of keen observation, as well as of a genial, kindly philosophy."—*Saturday Review.*

"Mrs. Oliphant possesses such a finished and easy style of writing, that her works are sure to please. We cannot too highly praise the skilful manner in which the adventures of 'The Three Brothers' are unfolded to the reader, and made to engage his interest."—*Athenæum.*

### THERESA. By NOELL RADECLIFFE, author of
"Alice Wentworth," "The Lees of Blendon Hall," &c. 3 vols.

"Many passages of this novel are full of energy, contrast, and descriptive power. It is original in its plot, and in one of the chief elements of successful novel writing (in creating surprise by the sudden disclosure of wholly unforeseen circumstances) the author has shown distinguished ability."—*Post.*

### THE HEIR EXPECTANT. By the Author of
"Raymond's Heroine," &c. 3 vols.

"In plot, details, coherence, completeness, and in the unflagging interest which carries the reader resistlessly to the end, 'The Heir Expectant' is a triumph of novelistic skill. A much more copious analysis than we have attempted would fail to represent the impression of rich and varied power which the admirable novel before us leaves on the mind."—*Saturday Review.*

### A BRAVE LADY. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c. 3 vols.

"A very good novel—a thoughtful, well-written book, showing a tender sympathy with human nature, and permeated by a pure and noble spirit."—*Examiner.*

"We earnestly recommend this novel. It is a special and worthy specimen of the author's remarkable powers."—*Post.*

### THE VIVIAN ROMANCE. By MORTIMER COLLINS.

"Mr. Collins has evidently seen a good deal of the world both of books and men. He can write good English, and many of his reflections are tersely and wittily put. He is largely gifted with the poetic temperament; his descriptions of scenery are happily given, and there is a sprightliness in his manner of telling his story which makes his book extremely readable."—*Times,*

### CLAUDE. By LADY BLAKE. 3 vols.

"Lady Blake is not only a practised but an elegant and dexterous writer. 'Claude' is a decided success. In every sense it is a novel which need only be read to be appreciated in the highest degree. The story is one of great interest, and in parts of surpassing power."—*Post.*

## Under the Especial Patronage of Her Majesty.

*Published annually, in One Vol., royal 8vo, with the Arms beautifully engraved, handsomely bound, with gilt edges, price 31s. 6d.*

# LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE,

## CORRECTED BY THE NOBILITY.

### THE FORTIETH EDITION FOR 1871 IS NOW READY.

LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE is acknowledged to be the most complete, as well as the most elegant, work of the kind. As an established and authentic authority on all questions respecting the family histories, honours, and connections of the titled aristocracy, no work has ever stood so high. It is published under the especial patronage of Her Majesty, and is annually corrected throughout, from the personal communications of the Nobility. It is the only work of its class in which, *the type being kept constantly standing*, every correction is made in its proper place to the date of publication, an advantage which gives it supremacy over all its competitors. Independently of its full and authentic information respecting the existing Peers and Baronets of the realm, the most sedulous attention is given in its pages to the collateral branches of the various noble families, and the names of many thousand individuals are introduced, which do not appear in other records of the titled classes. For its authority, correctness, and facility of arrangement, and the beauty of its typography and binding, the work is justly entitled to the place it occupies on the tables of Her Majesty and the Nobility.

### LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

Historical View of the Peerage.
Parliamentary Roll of the House of Lords.
English, Scotch, and Irish Peers, in their orders of Precedence.
Alphabetical List of Peers of Great Britain and the United Kingdom, holding superior rank in the Scotch or Irish Peerage.
Alphabetical list of Scotch and Irish Peers, holding superior titles in the Peerage of Great Britain and the United Kingdom.
A Collective list of Peers, in their order of Precedence.
Table of Precedency among Men.
Table of Precedency among Women.
The Queen and the Royal Family.
Peers of the Blood Royal.
The Peerage, alphabetically arranged.
Families of such Extinct Peers as have left Widows or Issue.
Alphabetical List of the Surnames of all the Peers.
The Archbishops and Bishops of England, Ireland, and the Colonies.
The Baronetage alphabetically arranged.
Alphabetical List of Surnames assumed by members of Noble Families.
Alphabetical List of the Second Titles of Peers, usually borne by their Eldest Sons.
Alphabetical Index to the Daughters of Dukes, Marquises, and Earls, who, having married Commoners, retain the title of Lady before their own Christian and their Husband's Surnames.
Alphabetical Index to the Daughters of Viscounts and Barons, who, having married Commoners, are styled Honourable Mrs.; and, in case of the husband being a Baronet or Knight, Honourable Lady.
Mottoes alphabetically arranged and translated.

"Lodge's Peerage must supersede all other works of the kind, for two reasons: first, it is on a better plan; and secondly, it is better executed. We can safely pronounce it to be the readiest, the most useful, and exactest of modern works on the subject."—*Spectator.*

"A work which corrects all errors of former works. It is a most useful publication."—*Times.*

"A work of great value. It is the most faithful record we possess of the aristocracy of the day."—*Post.*

"The best existing, and, we believe, the best possible peerage. It is the standard authority on the subject."—*Standard.*

# HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

OF CHEAP EDITIONS OF

## POPULAR MODERN WORKS,

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLAIS, HOLMAN HUNT, LEECH, BIRKET FOSTER, JOHN GILBERT, TENNIEL, SANDYS, &c.

**Each in a Single Volume, elegantly printed, bound, and illustrated, price 5s.**

---

## I.—SAM SLICK'S NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.

"The first volume of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library of Cheap Editions forms a very good beginning to what will doubtless be a very successful undertaking. 'Nature and Human Nature' is one of the best of Sam Slick's witty and humorous productions, and is well entitled to the large circulation which it cannot fail to obtain in its present convenient and cheap shape. The volume combines with the great recommendations of a clear, bold type, and good paper, the lesser but attractive merits of being well illustrated and elegantly bound."—*Post.*

## II.—JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

"This is a very good and a very interesting work. It is designed to trace the career from boyhood to age of a perfect man—a Christian gentleman; and it abounds in incident both well and highly wrought. Throughout it is conceived in a high spirit, and written with great ability. This cheap and handsome new edition is worthy to pass freely from hand to hand as a gift book in many households."—*Examiner.*

"The new and cheaper edition of this interesting work will doubtless meet with great success. John Halifax, the hero of this most beautiful story, is no ordinary hero, and this his history is no ordinary book. It is a full-length portrait of a true gentleman, one of nature's own nobility. It is also the history of a home, and a thoroughly English one. The work abounds in incident, and is full of graphic power and true pathos. It is a book that few will read without becoming wiser and better."—*Scotsman.*

## III.—THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

"Independent of its value as an original narrative, and its useful and interesting information, this work is remarkable for the colouring power and play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. Among its greatest and most lasting charms is its reverent and serious spirit."—*Quarterly Review.*

## IV.—NATHALIE. By JULIA KAVANAGH.

"'Nathalie' is Miss Kavanagh's best imaginative effort. Its manner is gracious and attractive. Its matter is good. A sentiment, a tenderness, are commanded by her which are as individual as they are elegant."—*Athenæum.*

## V.—A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A book of sound counsel. It is one of the most sensible works of its kind, well-written, true-hearted, and altogether practical. Whoever wishes to give advice to a young lady may thank the author for means of doing so."—*Examiner.*

## VI.—ADAM GRAEME. By MRS. OLIPHANT.

"A story awakening genuine emotions of interest and delight by its admirable pictures of Scottish life and scenery. The author sets before us the essential attributes of Christian virtue, their deep and silent workings in the heart, and their beautiful manifestations in life, with a delicacy, power, and truth which can hardly be surpassed."—*Post*

## VII.—SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

"The reputation of this book will stand as long as that of Scott's or Bulwer's Novels. Its remarkable originality and happy descriptions of American life still continue the subjectof universal admiration. The new edition forms a part of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's Cheap Standard Library, which has included some of the very best specimens of light literature that ever have been written."—*Messenger.*

## VIII.—CARDINAL WISEMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FOUR POPES.

"A picturesque book on Rome and its ecclesiastical sovereigns, by an eloquent Roman Catholic. Cardinal Wiseman has treated a special subject with so much geniality, that his recollections will excite no ill-feeling in those who are most conscientiously opposed to every idea of human infallibility represented in Papal domination."—*Athenæum.*

## IX.—A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"In 'A Life for a Life' the author is fortunate in a good subject, and has produced a work of strong effect."—*Athenæum.*

## X.—THE OLD COURT SUBURB. By LEIGH HUNT.

"A delightful book, that will be welcome to all readers, and most welcome to those who have a love for the best kinds of reading."—*Examiner.*

"A more agreeable and entertaining book has not been published since Boswell produced his reminiscences of Johnson."—*Observer.*

## XI.—MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.

"We recommend all who are in search of a fascinating novel to read this work for themselves. They will find it well worth their while. There are a freshness and originality about it quite charming."—*Athenæum.*

## XII.—THE OLD JUDGE. By SAM SLICK.

"The publications included in this Library have all been of good quality; many give information while they entertain, and of that class the book before us is a specimen. The manner in which the Cheap Editions forming the series is produced, deserves especial mention. The paper and print are unexceptionable; there is a steel engraving in each volume, and the outsides of them will satisfy the purchaser who likes to see books in handsome uniform."—*Examiner.*

## XIII.—DARIEN. By ELIOT WARBURTON.

"This last production of the author of 'The Crescent and the Cross' has the same elements of a very wide popularity. It will please its thousands."—*Globe.*

## XIV.—FAMILY ROMANCE; OR, DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY SIR BERNARD BURKE, ULSTER KING OF ARMS.

"It were impossible to praise too highly this most interesting book. It ought to be found on every drawing-room table."—*Standard.*

## XV.—THE LAIRD OF NORLAW. By MRS. OLIPHANT.

"The 'Laird of Norlaw' fully sustains the author's high reputation."—*Sunday Times.*

## XVI.—THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN ITALY.

"We can praise Mrs. Gretton's book as interesting, unexaggerated, and full of opportune instruction."—*Times.*

## XVII.—NOTHING NEW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"'Nothing New' displays all those superior merits which have made 'John Halifax one of the most popular works of the day."—*Post.*

## XVIII.—FREER'S LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET.

"Nothing can be more interesting than Miss Freer's story of the life of Jeanne D'Albret, and the narrative is as trustworthy as it is attractive."—*Post.*

## XIX.—THE VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS."

"If asked to classify this work, w ɛshould give it a place between 'John Halifax' and The Caxtons.'"—*Standard.*

## XX.—THE ROMANCE OF THE FORUM.

BY PETER BURKE, SERGEANT AT LAW.

"A work of singular interest, which can never fail to charm. The present cheap and elegant edition includes the true story of the Colleen Bawn."—*Illustrated News.*

## XXI.—ADELE. By JULIA KAVANAGH.

"'Adele' is the best work we have read by Miss Kavanagh; it is a charming story, full of delicate character-painting."—*Athenæum.*

## XXII.—STUDIES FROM LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"These 'Studies from Life' are remarkable for graphic power and observation. The book will not diminish the reputation of the accomplished author."—*Saturday Review.*

## XXIII.—GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY.

"We commend 'Grandmother's Money' to readers in search of a good novel. The characters are true to human nature, the story is interesting."—*Athenæum.*

## XXIV.—A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS.

BY J. C. JEAFFRESON.

"A delightful book."—*Athenæum.* "A book to be read and re-read; fit for the study as well as the drawing-room table and the circulating library."—*Lancet.*

## XXV.—NO CHURCH.

"We advise all who have the opportunity to read this book."—*Athenæum.*

## XXVI.—MISTRESS AND MAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A good wholesome book, gracefully written, and as pleasant to read as it is instructive."—*Athenæum.* "A charming tale charmingly told."—*Standard.*

## XXVII.—LOST AND SAVED. By HON. MRS. NORTON.

"'Lost and Saved' will be read with eager interest. It is a vigorous novel."—*Times.*
"A novel of rare excellence. It is Mrs. Norton's best prose work."—*Examiner.*

## XXVIII.—LES MISERABLES. By VICTOR HUGO.

AUTHORISED COPYRIGHT ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

"The merits of 'Les Miserables' do not merely consist in the conception of it as a whole; it abounds, page after page, with details of unequalled beauty. In dealing with all the emotions, doubts, fears, which go to make up our common humanity, M. Victor Hugo has stamped upon every page the hall-mark of genius."—*Quarterly Review.*

## XXIX.—BARBARA'S HISTORY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

"It is not often that we light upon a novel of so much merit and interest as 'Barbara's History.' It is a work conspicuous for taste and literary culture. It is a very graceful and charming book, with a well-managed story, clearly-cut characters, and sentiments expressed with an exquisite elocution. It is a book which the world will like. This is high praise of a work of art, and so we intend it."—*Times.*

## XXX.—LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"A good book on a most interesting theme."—*Times.*
"A truly interesting and most affecting memoir. Irving's Life ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography. There are few lives that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation."—*Saturday Review.*
"Mrs. Oliphant's Life of Irving supplies a long-felt desideratum. It is copious, earnest and eloquent."—*Edinburgh Review.*

# HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

(CONTINUED.)

## XXXI.—ST. OLAVE'S.

"This charming novel is the work of one who possesses a great talent for writing, as well as experience and knowledge of the world. 'St. Olave's' is the work of an artist. The whole book is worth reading."—*Athenæum.*

## XXXII.—SAM SLICK'S AMERICAN HUMOUR.

"Dip where you will into the lottery of fun, you are sure to draw out a prize."—*Post.*

## XXXIII.—CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A more charming story, to our taste, has rarely been written. The writer has hit off a circle of varied characters all true to nature, and has entangled them in a story which keeps us in suspense till its knot is happily and gracefully resolved. Even if tried by the standard of the Archbishop of York, we should expect that even he would pronounce 'Christian's Mistake' a novel without a fault."—*Times.*

## XXXIV.—ALEC FORBES OF HOWGLEN.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

"No account of this story would give any idea of the profound interest that pervades the work from the first page to the last."—*Athenæum.*

## XXXV.—AGNES. By MRS. OLIPHANT.

"'Agnes' is a novel superior to any of Mrs. Oliphant's former works."—*Athenæum.*
"A story whose pathetic beauty will appeal irresistibly to all readers."—*Post.*

## XXXVI.—A NOBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"This is one of those pleasant tales in which the author of 'John Halifax' speaks out of a generous heart the purest truths of life."—*Examiner.* "Few men, and no women, will read 'A Noble Life' without finding themselves the better."—*Spectator.*

## XXXVII.—NEW AMERICA. By HEPWORTH DIXON.

"A very interesting book. Mr. Dixon has written thoughtfully and well."—*Times.*
"Mr. Dixon's book is the work of a keen observer. During his residence at Salt Lake City, he was able to gather much valuable and interesting information respecting Mormon life and society."—*Quarterly Review.*
"There are few books of this season likely to excite so much general curiosity as Mr. Dixon's very entertaining and instructive work on New America."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*
"We recommend every one who feels any interest in human nature to read Mr. Dixon's very interesting book."—*Saturday Review.*

## XXXVIII.—ROBERT FALCONER.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

"'Robert Falconer' is a work brimful of life and humour and of the deepest human interest. It is a book to be returned to again and again for the deep and searching knowledge it evinces of human thoughts and feelings."—*Athenæum.*
"This book is one of intense beauty and truthfulness. It reads like an absolutely faithful history of a life."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## XXXIX.—THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"'The Woman's Kingdom' sustains the author's reputation as a writer of the purest and noblest kind of domestic stories. The novelist's lesson is given with admirable force and sweetness."—*Athenæum.*

## XL.—ANNALS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

BY GEORGE WEBBE DASENT, D.C.L.

"A racy, well-written, and original novel. The interest never flags. The whole work sparkles with wit and humour."—*Quarterly Review.*
"This is a very interesting novel: wit, humour, and keen observation abound in every page while the characters are life-like."—*Times.*

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 041684397